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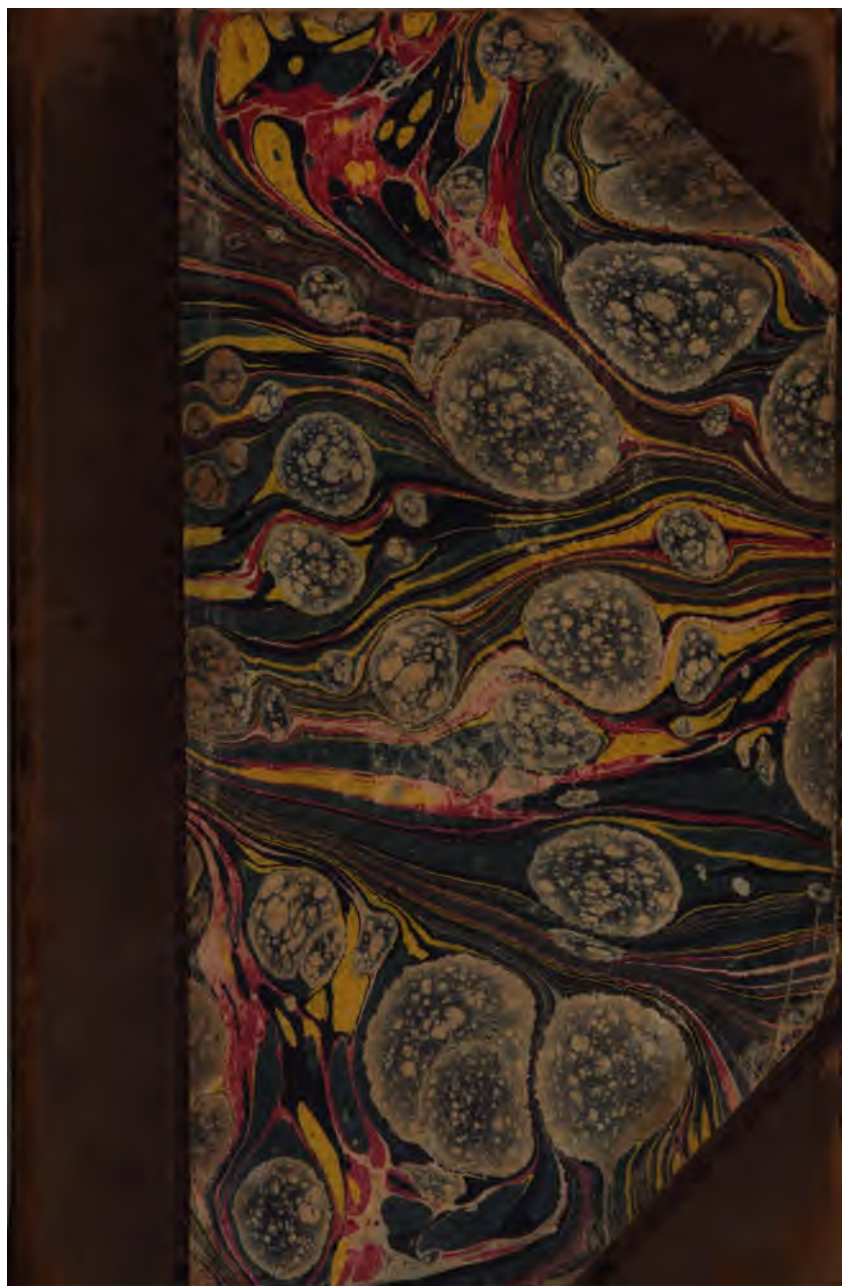
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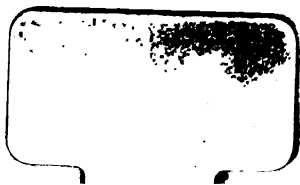
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37.

272..



THE OUTCAST;

A POEM.



IN SIX CANTOS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE present story is supposed to be related about the year A.D. 1429. I need hardly remind the reader that persecutions had commenced previous to that time.

With regard to Canto IV., I am not aware that any one has preceded me in representing the Powers of Darkness as exercising an habitual control over the affairs of mortals in modern times. Lord Byron, perhaps, in *Manfred*, has come the nearest to my design ; but there is a wide difference between the spiritual agents he employs and those beings whom Christianity teaches us to regard as our worst enemies. In the above-named Canto, omitting the political history of Europe, I have tried to dwell

only on the religious, and even that in a very general manner; and, in doing this, I have endeavoured to set aside all comparatively unimportant distinctions of sect or party. I may perhaps be blamed for intermingling such momentous concerns with a fictitious tale; but, surely, in this point, my intention may be my excuse, and an attempt, however unworthy, to dignify the lighter walks of literature, need not be visited with any heavy degree of censure.

It has been observed by a very high authority, that Lord Byron, in making his heroes passions personified, and not persons impassioned, has drawn characters at once debased and unnatural. Without entering, however, into a discussion on this point, I will make the following remarks to justify myself for having pursued a similar course. It has never been denied that painting is akin to poetry,

and amenable to the same general laws of criticism. In Lanzi's *History of Italian Painting*, as translated by Roscoe, vol. ii. page 94, he commences an eloquent encomium on Raffaele with the following passage:—"His figures are passions personified, and love, fear, hope, and desire, anger, placability, humility or pride, assume their places by turns as the subject changes; and while the spectator regards the countenances, the air, and the gestures of his figures, he forgets that they are the work of art, and is surprised to find his own feelings excited, and himself an actor in the scene before him." Again, speaking of the same artist in the following page, he says, "His Madonnas enchant us, as Mengs observes, not because they possess the perfect lineaments of the Medicean Venus, or of the celebrated daughter of Niobe; but because the painter in their portraits, and in their expressive smiles, has personified modesty, maternal love, purity of mind, and, in a word, grace itself." The

reasons why Byron's poetry was so warmly received are sufficiently obvious, and its popularity may surely be taken as a proof that it did not demand more from the imagination than most readers were willing to give. In the common course of events, is it the cool and calculating man that is apt to interest our feelings? Certainly not. The leaders of the ardent days of chivalry were accustomed to do many things that sober reason disapproved of, and yet their effect was to instil fresh devotedness into the hearts of their followers, because those extravagances seemed tokens of a mind overflowing with energy. And what is the office of Poetry, but to depict life in more glowing colours, to add fresh brilliance to its brighter scenes, and deeper gloom to its sad ones? The duty of judgment is not to repress ardour, but to direct it aright. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, Discourse viii. vol. ii. "It is in art, as in morals; no character would inspire us with an enthusiastic admiration of his

virtue, if that virtue consisted only in an absence of vice : something more is required ; a man must do more than merely his duty to be a hero."

And how shall we pass the cold line of duty, unless it be through that fervent spirit of enthusiasm, which does not lead us in opposition to rules, but transports us beyond them. Nor is this enthusiasm to be judged at the bar of common sense ; its appeal is rather to those high and holy ideas of perfection which Moore beautifully describes as

" Visions of glories ne'er forgot,
That tells like beams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh! which again shall brightly be."

If no room were left for the imagination to exert itself, this elevating effect could not be produced. Hence, perhaps, it arises, that in the finished works, both of Poetry and Painting, an air of heaviness may frequently be seen ; because, when the mind

has once caught the more striking features, it can often fill up the outline in a manner more agreeable to itself than that which the artist has chosen.

With the deepest reverence I would say it—the Scriptures represent the Supreme Being as a passion, when they tell us that “God is love.” Surely then the more we can make spirit predominate over matter, the more elevated a character shall we draw.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

MORN hovers o'er the purple lake,
Their thirst the fearless red deer slake,
And lilies, white as snowy flake,
 Their glittering flowers unfold ;
To hail the rising sun, which now
 Has shed abroad his fiery glow,
And made the waters as they flow,
 An heaving plain of gold
A moment curls the frolic breeze

Each ripple of the wave,
A moment whispers to the trees,
And they with murmurs like the bees,
Enjoy the balm he gave.

II.

For in young summer's freshest hue,
And sweetest blossoms drest ;
Against yon heaven of cloudless blue
Each leans his stately breast :
The forest giants that can mock
The fury of the tempest's shock,
Now to the zephyr gently rock,
Or droop in quiet rest.
The lark is singing in the sky,
The linnet on the may,
The kingfisher with patient eye
Is watching for his prey :
The blackbird, thrush, and cuckoo gay,
Are pouring forth their welcor : lay,

And sportively the fishes leap
From the calm bosom of the deep.

III.

But now beside those waters fair
Two noble forms move on,
And bright their helms and hauberks glare
Against the mounting sun :
And now his step each warrior stays,
And keenly doth the foremost gaze,
As if in search of one
Whom he had hoped to meet with here,
Yet feared that he might not appear.

IV.

In both may readily be seen
A fearless eye, and lordly mien,—
In both the promptness of a knight
To crush the wrong, support the right :

But for the foremost, riper years
Have cooled the fiery blood of youth,
And turned him from the bigot's fears,
Almost into the ways of truth:
Not so the younger hurries by,
His swelling lip, and flashing eye,
And hasty mien, and haughty brow,
And foot that spurns the ground in ire,
And cheek, whose dark and swarthy glow,
Will only rise in danger's fire,
Show him prepared to seek the wreath
Of glory in the arms of death.

V.

His voice now rises shrill and clear,
" Sir Arthur, wherefore loiter here ?
Though fair the scene, yet fairer far
Are the embattled ranks of war.

And when the witchcrafts of the Maid*
Our stoutest forces have dismayed,
Shall England's chivalry be slow
To meet and crush their vaunting foe?
Shall we forsake, can we forget
The fruits of Henry's victories?
No, for our fathers' spirits yet
Teach us to win and keep the prize.
Oh, gladly will rush my war-horse and I
To the battle-field's august array,
Where the trumpet's call, and the bugle's bray,
Urge on to the fight where we conquer or die."

VI.

Sir Arthur answer'd with a smile,
"Nay, my hot Edward, stay awhile,
At least, until I name the cause
Why here my tardy footsteps pause.

* Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

But yesterday I met a man
Beneath the Romish church's ban,
But such calm majesty of face
Never before has met my gaze,
Although it seem'd that toil, and strife,
And woe, had saddened all his life.
His brow was high and deep, his eye
Was fix'd upon the azure sky,
As though he there might seek and find
A boon, the dearest to his mind.

VII.

“ Struck with his looks, I nearer came —
He saw me, and he did the same ;
And we conversed with such delight,
That neither marked the coming night
Until our levies call'd me home ;
And he, though asked, refused to come,
For fear he should perhaps bring down
On me, our king's or church's frown.

He told of many a savage deed
That would have shook me like a reed,
If fear was ever known to me ;
For there were fights by land and sea,
And tempests on the ocean wide,
And demons shouting in their pride."

VIII.

Young Edward answered, " I could muse
That thou to him dost not refuse
The credit to our faith denied,
But that he shows such noble pride :
And seems incapable of aught
Unworthy, both in deed and thought.
Yet art thou right to trust to one,
Whom thou art bid to hate and shun ?"

IX.

Sir Arthur said, " Thy words convey
Reproof—first hear what I would say.

I had not to this stranger given
The trust he now receives, although
He seemed a messenger from heaven,
If I had not full cause to know
He serves no mercenary end,
In speaking what I now defend.
No pampered monk, or lazy friar,
Hath ever spoke as he hath spoken ;
Wealth is the object they desire,
And to obtain it they have broken,
They say, through purgatory's fire,
And snatched the spirit from his pyre.

X.

“ But such is not this wanderer's aim,
Though sold to infamy and shame,
Though hated by the men he loved,
To distant regions he hath roved ;
He speaks not angrily of them,
But rather doth himself condemn,

And wish to bear, as he has borne,
The danger, the disgrace, and scorn.
See he approaches, let us haste
To meet this inmate of the waste."

XI.

They went, and near the wanderer drew,
Who, when they met his aged view,
Came quickly on, and said, "May peace
Be with ye, friends, and never cease."
"Ay, peace," rejoined the younger knight,
"Perhaps may be our own delight,
When our warm blood is chill and cold,
And years like thine, good father, old:
But heedless surely is their thought,
Who fancy peace by youth is sought."

XII.

"My son, like thee, I once was young,
My blood was hot, my passions strong,

In various toils I tried to slake
My ardour for distinction's sake,
And held the man beneath my care,
Who in those feelings did not share.
Such, and so warm I once have been,
But many sorrows since have seen ;
And if it please you I will tell
How all my varied fates befell."

CANTO I.

CANTO I.

I.

I SHALL not now relate my name,
Although my father lived in fame ;
In Palestine his blood was shed,
The Saracens before him fled ;
Courteous in peace, and brave in fight,
There never lived a worthier knight.
Alas ! forgive an old man's boast,
The glory of my house is lost ;
Our stately forest trees are cleft,
And I a withered stump am left.

II.

A foaming river washed the towers
In which my uncle held his state,
I see them still, how sternly lowers
The huge portcullis' massy weight.
And high as rose the towers in air,
So deep the dungeon lay below,
Once captives pined in thraldom there,
But now rank weeds within it grow :
That castle is a dreary spot,
Where mortal footsteps linger not.

III.

Far different then, from bower and hall,
Their lords and jovial harpers came,
And minstrels' songs, and warriors' brawl
Passed gaily round the ruddy flame,

That flickered and danced upon the wall,
Glancing on many a sword and spear,
And antlers branching, wide and tall,
Won in the hunting of the deer.

IV.

Beside the menial vassal train,
Who served the baron's pomp to raise,
And they whose plighted word was ta'en
To follow their lord for forty days ;
Four of us those halls possess,
Fair Rosamond, her sire, and I,
And one, an ever-welcome guest,
Whose castle's towers rose proudly nigh.
He was bold in act and word,
And backed his quarrels with his sword ;
But free and generous in command,
And liberal of heart and hand.

V.

As stands the oak among the wood,
So amongst us the baron stood.
Upon his cheeks the veteran scars
Showed he had been in many a field,
But now he rested from the wars,
And sought the pleasures peace can yield.
He joyed to see his youngers grow
Round him, like saplings round their stem ;
To view them ride, and draw the bow
This pleased him, since it pleased them.

VI.

And for his daughter, words would fail
To paint her peerless loveliness ;
Locks, to which brightest gold was pale
Fell down in many a graceful tress.

Her deep blue eyes, her neck of snow,
And gentle breast that heaved below,
With the sweet music of her voice,
Could make the coldest heart rejoice ;
And wish to serve her, well repaid
If but a word of thanks she said.
O she was fairest of the fair,
Though haughtily she lived and moved,
And much for no one did she care,
Except herself and her beloved.

VII.

From earliest childhood I had grown
Silent, mysterious, and alone ;
And far from man I often stood
Deep in the bosom of the wood,
Gazing upon the rapid river,
Whose waters seemed to flow for ever,
And when the sunbeam lit its breast
Still hastening onwards to the east,

As though to lave some brighter shore,
Where pain and toil were known no more,
With happy thoughts my mind would burn,
And earth and earthlings I would spurn;
And think on lands beyond the wave,
Where spring unfading blossoms gave;
And showered its odours, fresh and free,
In those fair climes, from every tree.

VIII.

Then I would watch the eagle's flight,
Soaring above in heaven's own light—
O how I wished that I might be
As far removed from earth as he.
And when I mixed again with those
Who scorned the pleasures that I chose,
O this I felt my spirit blight,
And as a falcon stoops from flight,
When she hath heard her master's cry
Recal her from her native sky :

Where, borne upon exulting pinion,
She once had darted, free as air,
And held on high her proud dominion,
Reigning in lonely gladness there ;
And now, though tamed by kindly skill,
She pants most fondly for it still :
Such seemed my fall, when earthly things
Chained down my spirit's struggling wings.
How cold seemed earth, how dull, how tame,
When all my thoughts were in a flame
With visions bright as morning dew,
But not like it, as fleeting too !

IX.

At times I dwelt beneath the earth,
Within a dark and jagged cave,
And when the tempests were at mirth,
With awful joy I heard them rave,
Because I thought that spirits rode
The blasts to which the forest bowed.

And I have lingered with the dead,
Musing on what might them befall ;
And if a powerful spell were read,
If they could rise unto my call.
Imagination then would raise
The spectres to my sickening gaze ;
Each bony skeleton upcame
With hollow eyes, but breath of flame,
And grinned and gazed upon me, till
I could not bear the loathsome sight ;
And yet, though sickening at it still,
I turned again with fresh delight ;
If that could give delight, which drew
Both fear and pleasure from its view.

X.

The books of magic mystery
Have not been unexplored by me ;
And if the future they could show,
Whate'er will happen I should know.

But they are folly all, or worse—
Man could not have a greater curse,
Than if the Almighty should reveal
The woes and evils he must feel.

XI.

But to my story—as I grew
To riper years, and mingled more
With mortals than I did before ;
Nearer to theirs my pleasures drew :
And I, the youth, and lady past
Some happy years, which flew too fast.
Together on our steeds we rode,
Together flew our hawks abroad,
Together we pursued the stag,
And not a moment seemed to flag ;
But all was gladness and delight,
Joy ruled the morning, noon, and night.

XII.

And in those days the lady's face
Was mild and beautiful to see,

She loved the ardour' of the chase,
And saw that it delighted me :
Perhaps she guessed,—for woman sees
In little things who wish to please ;
Perhaps, and yet I cannot tell,
She knew me, that I loved her well ;
Although no words of mine conveyed
The thoughts that slept in deepest shade.
Scarce known to me, indeed, they spread,
By daily looks and converse fed ;
And she unconsciously increased
My flame, when struggling for its birth,
By joy to find I was released
From thoughts of beings not of earth.

XIII.

Methinks I still can hear her cry,
With tossing head, and scornful eye,
“ What need for one so nobly born
To look with anything but scorn

On all worm-eaten books supply ?
Let black-gowned monks, and learned clerks,
Pore upon books whene'er they will,
And give to us their grave remarks,
As tokens of their lore and skill :
But let the man of generous race
Behave him fairly in the chase,
Bear well his falcon, thread the ring,
And graceful on his charger spring;
Be brave in combat, true in love,
And who would look for aught above ?"

XIV.

" Is it not so, my sire ?" she sprung
To where her stately father stood ;
And lightly to his form she clung,
As woodbine clusters round the wood,
That lends it succour, and a shade,
When sunbeams parch, or storms invade.

“ Do you not think, my father dear,
The tasks of our companions here,
Are different from those bookish men,
Who pore on tomes with eager ken ?
Nay, nay, if nothing shall be said,
Except that smile and shaking head ;
My father sees not with my view,
But, Geoffrey, I may count on you.”

XV.

“ Count on me, lady ! yes, for all
That life, and health, and strength can give ;
And when 'tis doomed that you must fall,
May I that moment cease to live.
O lady, 'tis your sight that yields
A greener verdure to the fields ;
'Tis you that give to evening's gleam
More beauty than the sunny beam :
Then gladly I afford whate'er
Is not unworthy of your care.”

XVI.

“ Nay, now, I meant not that,”—she blushed,
And her fair cheek as crimson flushed ;—
“ I meant not that, my gallant friend,
But only asked if you were one
Who thought young nobles should attend
To musty books, by scholars penned,
As learned monks and clerks have done.”

XVII.

“ Faith, for that matter, much I doubt,
And care not if they know my mind,
That out of all the monkish rout
Few learned persons you will find.
I see them swarm in fertile vales,
As flies lie basking in the ray ;
And vice and idleness prevails
In all the parts beneath their sway.
Good caterers they for dainty paunch,
Well do they know the primeest haunch,

And feed like locusts on the land
That pines beneath their greedy hand.
Frown'st thou, my lord? That truth I tell
The Friars' Song can witness well;
And since in light all truth appears,
This song shall echo in your ears.

“ THE FRIAR'S SONG.

1.

“ I am a friar of orders gray,
And down the valley I wend my way;
I eat no blackberry, haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead roll I merrily chant,
Wherever I go, no money I want.
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
Who lives a good life is sure to live well;

What baronet, squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as an holy friar ?

2.

“ After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clotted cream,
Myself in denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pye :
I’m clothed in sackcloth for my sin,
But with good old sack I’m lined within.
The cheerful cup is my matin song,
And the vesper’s bell my bold ding dong :
What baronet, squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as an holy friar ?

XVIII.

“ This is the friar’s song, and how
Can you with justice blame me now ?
O, if you had but seen him go,
With swaggering gait, and footsteps slow,

Whene'er he thought himself unseen
And then beheld the altered mien
With which he begged for charity,
To his most meek fraternity,
I think you would as much have loathed
His face, as wolves in sheepskins clothed."

XIX.

" Although you often meet, my son,
With friars like this worthless one,
You must not deem that all the race
Are like this scandal of their tribe :
Among the twelve was one disgrace,
Who sold his Master for a bribe."
" Tis true, my lord, but fame proclaims
The wicked actions they have done ;
Their lust and avarice Chaucer blames—
Would he have done so, had they none?"

XX.

With converse such as I relate,
The time for years flew swiftly by ;
And we had grown to man's estate,
Yet wished not from our home to fly :
For we were bound by fetters strong
As any captive ever bore ;
When chained by some oppressor's wrong,
And doomed to wear them evermore.
Oh, Love's indeed, is happy sway,
And all the lands his rule obey ;
And though his victims feel more pain
Than any other powers ordain :
How blest are they, to whom is given,
The sweetness that he brings from heaven !

XXI.

To see your lady day by day,
To listen to each liquid tone,

To think the beauties you survey,
Are meant for you, and you alone :
They who can feel all this must know
More joy than earth besides can show.
And when her gift is in your cap
And upon you are fixed her eyes,
To know she grieves at your mishap,
And triumphs in your victories ;
O, this the coldest would inspire,
And make him feel true valour's fire,
To prove she need not fear to take
One who courts danger for her sake.

XXII.

And so at least it was with me ;
The thirsty stag beside the brook,
Cannot with greater rapture see
Its stream, than I the lady's look ;
For she was lovely as the sea,
When gleaming in the evening's rays,

Which rest upon it tranquilly,
And light it with a golden blaze.
For then the lady threw aside
Her usual haughtiness and pride,
And playfully would bid us strive
Our skilful horsemanship to show,
That so the readier she might know
To whom the promised prize to give.

XXIII.

And thus in every manly art,
Did Geoffrey and myself proceed,
And not a noble in that part
Could rein like us his fiery steed,
Because we evermore did try
Each other's prowess to outvie.
Yet all in friendliest spirit past,
Neither was conqueror at last ;
And when we strove with any others,
All side by side we fought like brothers.

XXIV.

It happened that the lady's sire
Resolved to hold a sumptuous feast,
And there was many a knight and squire
To whom the summons was addrest ;
And not to knight and squire alone,
But lords and dames of high degree,
And they who dreadful fights had known,
In foreign lands beyond the sea :
And all in mimic fight must prove,
How fair the lady of their love.

XXV.

The guests arrive, their clanking tread
Re-echoes through the mansion wide,
The rites of courtesy are paid,
And now the dinner bell hath cried.
I pass the grandeur of the hall,
The splendour of the feast ;

I pass the wassail and the brawl—
That not a moment ceased.
What need is there to tell to those
Who come of noble stock,
How merrily the evening's close,
Made the firm building rock.
And for the banquet, it would be
To highest prince no shame,
Upon his board such fare to see,
As on the baron's came.

XXVI.

And while the beakers hurried round,
The minstrels made a merry sound ;
And sung of many a warlike wight,
Who lately worsted France's might.
But William Falconville arose,

The best of minstrels who hath e'er
Proclaimed our triumphs over foes,
Or sung the charms of lady fair.

Then flushed the brow of many knight,
And seemed his blood on fire ;
The whilst he listened to the fight,
Struck from the glowing lyre :
Then warriors' hearts within them leapt,
And hushed was every tongue ;
For well his harp the minstrel swept,
And Crecy's fight he sung.

The Battle.

XXVII.

'Twas morn, when on a rising ground,
Our king his army placed,
First of the first the prince was found,
So lately with knighthood graced :
He burned to show that honour proud
Was not bestowed in vain,
And nobly was his valour showed
Upon the battle plain.

The following ranks were ruled, and led
By Willoughby and Roos ;
The king the summit of the hill
For his encampment chose.

XXVIII.

Then blithely did our noble king
Among his soldiers go,
And bade them steadily await
The onset of the foe ;
Nor mind, although his numbers far
Might overmatch their own ;
For so their courage in the war
Most highly would be shown.
And when they heard our monarch's speech,
And saw his cheerful face,
They raised a shouting that could reach
To heaven's remotest space ;
And with one voice they answered him,
" Sir king, distrust us not ;

In blood we'll make our foemen swim,
Or on the field we'll rot."

XXIX.

The Frenchmen came from Abbeville,
Like torrents rushing on,
No thought had they, except to kill
Their foes, ere set of sun :
And with the hopes of triumph big
Were first the Genoese,
But little cared our gallant troops
For enemies like these.
And they drew forth their good yew bows,
And shot a deadly flight,
Then laughed to see their foemen flee,
Before their shafts could light :
And wildly and disorderly
Back on their forces rush,
And with the crowds that hurried by
Their braver warriors crush.

XXX.

Then loudly called the Prince of Wales,

“ My merry men rush on—

The day is ours, by the heavenly powers,

The victory is won.”

And the English warriors hastened on

As wild waves foam along ;

Their swords are bared, not one is spared,

They slay both weak and strong.

Then shouted the earl of Alençon bold—

A gallant knight was he—

“ My comrades, let it not be told

That others make you flee ;

Dash down yon villains, false and base,

And firm the foe withstand ;

Fight for the honour of your race,

Saint Denis and your land.”

XXXI.

And down they trampled the Genoese,
As horses trample corn ;
And rushed upon the Englishmen,
Who hurled them back with scorn.
Then arose the strife of war,
Then was seen the gash and scar,
Then were war-steeds wildly dashing,
Spears transfixing, broadswords clashing,
Armour rending, helmets ringing,
Red blood streaming from many a side,
Showers of myriad arrows bringing
Death to crested warriors' pride.
Then the shout and battle cry
Rose in triumph to the sky,
E'en the dying would not yield ;
Stretched upon the bloody field,
Warriors with their failing breath
Sternly dealt the stroke of death.

XXXII.

Thus, while some were hotly mingling,
With the warm blood from them tingling ;
Others stretched upon the plain,
Sought not grace they could not gain ;
On our troops the Frenchmen prest,
Though outnumbered, undeprest ;
Yet could they have thought of fear,
Causes were not wanting here :
Thus to Warwick seemed the thing,
Succour asked he of the king,
For the prince was borne along,
'Mid the foeman's thickest throng.

XXXIII.

When the messenger was come,
Breathless with his haste, and dumb,
“ What ! ” inquired our noble king,
“ Is he taken ? is he slain ? ”
“ Neither, sire.” “ Then turn again ;

To my son this answer bring,
'Tis my wish he bear away,
All the glory of the day,
Ay, and truly do I know
By his valour he will show,
That the knightly name I gave
Fell not on a recreant slave."

XXXIV.

Back the messenger has flown,
To the prince his tidings shown :
Oh, then with an eagle's swoop
Rushed he on the hostile troop ;
Not an enemy could rear
Any more his standard there,—
Not a foe, but fled dismayed
From the terror of his blade.
Vainly, Philip, dost thou strive
To rally forces that have fled,

Now Bohemia doth not live,
Flanders, Blois, are with the dead.
Bourbon, Lorraine, many more,
Lie unconscious in their gore :
Vainly dost thou longer strain,
John of Hainault holds thy rein,
Now he turns thee from the sight,
France's king has fled the fight.

XXXV.

Loudly then the English shouted,
Following the affrighted routed
Far and wide, till evening gray
Had into darkness past away.
And our monarch, when he eyed
His son unhurt by battle's harms,
Flew with joy into his arms,
While with thrilling voice he cried—
“ So proceed, my noble son,
As this day thou hast begun ;

Victor of a mighty foe,
Foremost in the ranks of fame,
By thy valiant deeds we know,
Thou mayst well an empire claim."

XXXVI.

"Thanks, harper," all the barons cry,
"Well hast thou sung our victory ;
Receive these toys for thy reward,
As tokens of our high regard."
With that a shower of gold they threw,—
He made obeisance and withdrew.

XXXVII.

Night comes, and stops the laugh and jest,
The servants marshal every guest
To where he gains the rest he craves,
As dear to monarchs as to slaves.
Deeply they sleep, or dream they see
The morrow's scene of martial glee.

XXXVIII.

And now the carol of the lark
 Salutes the god of day,
And many panting bosoms mark
 The dawning of his ray.
Within the castle's central court,
 The lists are ready set ;
Bright eyes are beaming on the sport
 At the castle windows met.
The warriors meet in the listed ground,
 Their chargers snort with ire,
With wreaths of laurel their heads are crowned,
 Their eyes are flashing fire ;
They start at the trumpet's martial sound,
 And pawing the earth, the fight desire,
And who that heard that high rebound,
 Would not to arms aspire ?

XXXIX.

Now each lance in rest is laid,
 Now the trumpet blast is given,

Steed and knight in mail arrayed,
Headlong are together driven
With a rude and thundering shock,
As the ocean beats the rock ;
When the tempest hath arisen,
And on high the billows leap,
Calling from their sullen prison
All the spirits of the deep.

XL.

Chandos first, and Willoughby,
Roos and Basset did defy ;
Fierce each other they assail,
Blows are showered as thick as hail ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Beaten now, then quick beating,
At their combatants they ride,
And their thrusts and strokes increase,
Till the toil they cannot hide,
Forces them, though loath, to cease.

XLI.

Mordaunt then, and Derby's Earl,
With their gleaming armours prest
Closely to each manly breast,
Puissantly their lances hurl :
And so violent was the stroke
That each stubborn jav'lin broke,
And the knights are rudely dashed,
On the ground their blood has splashed.

XLII.

Arundel with Harcourt strove,
And he very quickly clove
His nodding helmet and cuirass,
Shining all like polished brass.
Yes, and Oxford clamoured too,
" This day's sport will give to view,
Who enjoys the sunny smile,
Of the loveliest in our isle."

Then the ladies' favours waved,
And the knights more eager braved
All the perils that pertain
To the bloody battle plain.

XLIII.

For many valiant knights had met,
Whose names, though noble, I forget,
As fiery as the savage boar,
Who shakes the forest with his roar,
When frantic in fury he rushes along,
Bearing death to the feeble, and wounds to the
strong ;
Just so, each knight on his ardent steed,
Dashed on to the place where his doom was to
bleed.

XLIV.

Geoffrey then and I contended,
When the warriors' strife was ended ;

But not like them we ran our course,
Mounted on a battle horse ;
No ; each seated on a steed,
Of Arabia's choicest breed,
What we had seen of might and main,
That we tried to show again.

XLV.

Still the issue was the same,
Victory to neither came,
But we gained the prize we sought,
From the zeal with which we fought ;
Knighthood was upon us laid
By the valiant Warwick's blade.
And the lady for whom beat
Our hearts, with all a lover's heat,
With the glad thanks of her eye
Made us bless our gallantry.

C A N T O II.

E

CANTO II.

I.

THE guests had said the parting word,
The steeds had left the castle gate,
The walls that late with laughter roared,
Seemed empty all and desolate ;
And they who looked about them found
A sense of sadness spread around.

II.

The lady stood in her father's hall,
And paleness sat upon her brow,

She gazed from out the window tall,
Upon the foaming stream below,
She heard the dash of the waterfall,
And saw the swans with down of snow,
While thoughts with which she would not part,
Seemed to oppress, yet soothe her heart.

III.

She looked as one in a trance might seem,
While the light fell full on her lovely face,
And spoke, " 'Tis fled like a brilliant dream,
That charms, but does not leave a trace
Of what it has been ; so are they
Who shone but now, as the glittering spray,
Ere the breath of heaven hath cast away
Its sparkling wreath from the light of day."
Then fell her eyes upon the ground,
And she leaned her head upon her hand ;
Then raised her head, and glanced around,
For she thought that none did near her stand ;

And when she saw me, with a glance
She checked my ardour to advance,
And haughtily she said to me,
“ Fair sir, I did not seek for thee ;
But tell me wherefore thou art come,
And stand not there so mute and dumb.”

IV.

Black clouds then hurried o'er the heaven,
The winds were moaning fearfully,
I thought that in that sky was given
An emblem of my destiny ;
But I chased the feeling from my breast,
And mastering my rising fears,
In broken words my tale address
Unto the lady's scornful ears.

V.

“ Dear lady, canst thou think I see
The charms which always wait on thee,

And do not wish with thee to live,
In all the rapture thou canst give ?
O frown not on my humble suit,
My heart would speak, though my lips were mute,
• And this would be its earnest prayer,
O be content my lot to share.
Thou saw'st me late with honour graced,
When in the combat I was placed ;
Lady, thy smile fresh courage gave,—
I thought upon thee, and was brave.

VI.

“ I name not this to purchase praise,
For that is nothing to thy smile,
Yet in thy thoughts I wish to raise
Myself by anything but guile :
But guile hath not, and shall not stain
The noble name that I retain.
I said not what my acts would be
If I were blest with gaining thee,

Because I hoped that they would prove
The truth and ardour of my love.
But this would be my greatest care,
In all thy joys and griefs to share,
To all thy wishes to attend,
To be thine ever dearest friend,
Nor let one bitter word o'erpower
The harmony of any hour.

VII.

“O that when flying from alarms,
Thy resting-place might be my arms !
Believe me, that they well would guard,
And think the task its best reward.
Lady, my strongest words are weak,
They cannot show the warmth I feel ;
But could I with like ardour speak,
Know it would melt a heart of steel :
Yet let me not, I pray thee, know
My want of words must cause my woe ;

But listen kindly to my cry,
And with my heart's desire comply,
That so my future days may be
Devote to happiness and thee."

VIII.

She listened to me silently,
My heart beat fast and throbbingly,
And such was then my feverish mood,
You might have heard the rushing blood,
That swept across my dizzy brow,
As if it would have crushed my brain,
And laid me with those sleepers low,
Who shall not wake on earth again.
Still she was mute ; my sickening heart
Heaved with the pangs of hope deferred,
Better it seemed with life to part
Than thus in anguish wait her word.
At length a flush of pride o'erspread
Her brow, her cheek forgot its red,

And the bright lightning of her eyes
Might rival that of thunder skies ;
And like the peal from heaven that broke
Came forth the accents that she spoke.

IX.

“ Thou bringest me this idle tale ;
But dost thou hope it will prevail
With one, to whom so well is known
The conduct thou hast always shown ?
Thou namest thy prowess in the fight ;
It may be *there* thy words are right,
Although the way which thou dost plead,
Showing the motive, not the deed,
Would make me think of thee, as one
Whom for his craft I ought to shun.
But where is the unbending soul,
That makes man stoop to its control ?
Where is the manliness of spirit
Which they of noble birth inherit ?

Canst thou, all weakling' as thou art,
Think to engage a lady's heart,
When bright in Geoffrey she may see
The virtues ne'er beheld in thee ?
If so thou deemest, be assured
That woman's breast is not like mine,
Who by thy suit could be allured
To link her destinies with thine."

X.

I turned away in bitterness
Of heart, that mortal cannot guess ;
Each happy vision I had framed,
Each glowing picture I had wrought,
Of bliss too mighty to be named,
With keenest misery was fraught ;
And life appeared a blasted void,
With all its joyful hopes destroyed.
Then flashed the thought across my brain,
Should'st thou not joy in others' pain ?

This rival—would it not be sweet
To see him bleeding at your feet?
To see my Geoffrey dying—no :
Nothing could cause me greater woe,
Than in the smallest thing to feel
That others mourned my furious zeal.

XI.

Such thoughts were crowding in my mind,
As sullenly I strode away ;
When, as though hell my fall designed,
That very Geoffrey crossed my way.
With mocking tone, and taunting air,
Saith he “ Why dost thou moping move ?
Ha ! has the lady of thy love
Been deaf unto thy earnest prayer ?
If so, and thou dost wish to die,
A halter I can soon supply ;
Or if some other death may seem
More preferable to thy mind,

Leap from yon window to the stream,
Quick end of griefs thou there may'st find."

XII.

"Beware!" I cried; "I just have borne
That lady's words of bitter scorn;
Yes, I *have* borne them, but from thee,
Geoffrey, it must not, shall not be."
"It shall not be! dost thou intend
To lord it proudly over me;
And think'st thou I will tamely bend,
And bear such insolence from thee?
Take that, in proof that I defy
Alike thy threats and enmity."

XIII.

With that he struck a weighty blow,
And I returned it—and our ire,
Like rivers widening as they flow,
Grew such that neither did desire

To cease, till one or both should fall.
We drew our swords, and left the hall,
And all unguarded as we were,
We rushed upon each other there,
Nor thought to spare ourselves, if so
We wrought each other mortal woe.

XIV.

Thus hacking, hewing, thrusting, foining,
Our weapons streaming with our gore,
With fiery words to fierce rejoining,
Glutted with blood, yet seeking more,
For some dread minutes we remained,
And the red blood of either drained,
 But not with deadly thrust ;
Geoffrey at length forgot to ward,
I broke within my rival's guard,
 And laid him in the dust.
O then my enmity was o'er.
I would have given my life to pour,

Again that stream so darkly red
Into its warm and native bed.

XV.

I tried to staunch that flowing tide,
Which the green earth to crimson dyed,
But all my cares were vain :
By this the lady reached the spot,
And looked as one who liveth not,
When she beheld him slain.
With anguish and amazement dumb,
She raised her hands on high ;
As if to bid the lightning come
To blast me from the sky :
Then falling on the bloody ground,
She shrieked a fearful yell,
And sought to close the gaping wound
Of him she loved so well.

XVI.

And when she could not, she did tear
The tresses of her golden hair,
And bent, and kissed the oozing gore
 Of him whose life was ebbing fast,
And quick and bright her tears fell o'er
 That face so livid and aghast.
He raised his head, she bent her ear,
Those thick and feeble tones to hear,
And caught, before he ceased to live,
“ The fault was mine, forget, forgive.”

XVII.

How looked the lady then? She gazed,
And mutely to her breast she raised
 His pale and ghastly head,
Then laid his cheek beside her own,
And sighed—O yet I hear the tone,—
 Like one whose hopes were dead.

Then spoke she terribly and slow
Like muttered thunder, deep and low :
“ Forget, forgive,—I never can,
Thou murderer of a nobler man :
Hast not thou given the deadly blow ,
And caused, O heaven ! my greatest woe !
And can I then forgive thee ? No.

XVIII.

“ May'st thou be curst by land and sea—
May earth deny her fruits to thee,
Nor yield thy bones a grave ;
But mayst thou wander o'er the deep,
While howling billows round thee sweep,
And vex thy day, disturb thy sleep,
Then whelm thee in the wave.
May all the evils that await
The vile one in his earthly state,
Be heaped upon thy clay ;

And when the woes of life are past,
May curses endless, deep, and vast,
For ever on thee prey.
Depart, thou fiend in human form,
Pollute no more our air ;
But, beat on by the raging storm,
Go, perish of despair !”

XIX.

She ended, but her accents still
With anguish made my bosom thrill,
Too deeply graven to depart—
E'en now they eat into my heart.
And I, whose hope was always this,
To spread around me joy and bliss,
That not a grief should near me stay,
But tears and sadness fly away :
What was I now ? Can it be so ?
Am I the cause of all this woe ?

O that the pain could all be mine,
And not on them. I could resign
Gladly the hated life I bore,
If that to him would life restore,—
But it was fled for evermore

XX.

Why was I ever born to be
The cause of others' misery ?
Fool ! wert thou born for this ? O no ;
It was thy guilt that laid thee low ;
Then seek not from that guilt to fly
By only blaming destiny,
As if thou wert not free to do
All that thy heart might lead thee to.
But provocation—could it give
The right to make him cease to live ?
What though he wronged thee, though he strove
To humble thee before thy love ;

Could that be deemed a fitting cause
To break the most divine of laws ?
No ; thou hast greatly erred, yet, oh !
Did I such keen reproach deserve ?
Could I with *honour* slight the blow ?
Could I from *honour's* dictates swerve ?
O that with right she had not warred,
And made me thus so much abhorred.

XXI.

Thus thought I, while the tidings spread
Both of the murderer and the dead ;
And all the inmates of our home
To see the bloody sight are come.
He too was there, the lady's sire,
To view his hopes and joys expire,
And high arose his reverend form,
Bare and exposed unto the storm
Which beat upon him, though unfelt ;
For what was that unto the pain

Which in his heart and spirit dwelt,
And racked his breast, and fired his brain ?

XXII.

He stood with an unbending air,
As one who wrestled with despair ;
No tear descended from his eye,
His lips sent forth no groan or sigh ;
But gasping was his breath, and thick,
And the few words he spake were quick
As those of one who would repress
His spirit's agonised distress.
Hurried and briefly he inquired
How this most bitter scene arose,
And when they told what he desired,
He did not blame me like my foes,
But bent upon me such a look,
Not harsh, but full of speechless grief :
Its mute reproach I could not brook,
But would have died to give relief ;

For I had loved and honoured him,
And now my eyes grew moist and dim,
And, cursing this unhappy fray,
I turned aside, and fled away.

XXIII.

For many a weary league and hour,
Careless and hopeless did I roam,
And earth was gladdened by the shower,
But to my breast it could not come
With cheering influence ; alone
Through tangled woods I forced my way,
Such as the wolf might once have known
As fitting covert for his prey.
There heaved not a sigh, and there fell not a tear,
As I wandered in agony on ;
For my heart seemed withered, and blasted, and sear,
And I wished that the end of my life was near,
That the sand of my glass was run.

XXIV.

“ O why does bird and beast,” I cried,
“ With songs of joy my sorrow chide ?
They can rejoice in storms of rain,
The earth will flourish green again ;
But as for me, in vain I fly,
I cannot shun my misery.”
The tempest still my steps pursued,
And still in memory I viewed
The bleeding corpse, the grieving sire,
The lady uttering words of ire ;
And still I passed through woods of oak,
Where human voice had never spoke,
Where human foot had never been,
Which human eye had never seen ;
While not a sound was near me heard
But wind, and rain, or whistling bird ;
Unless at times, and far away,
Methought the voice of man did say

Words, that my guilty conscience read
As curses poured upon my head.

XXV.

O what is like the fear of guilt
When blood has wantonly been spilt ?
Woods make to him a fearful sound—
The winds proclaim his crimes around,—
Yea, silence hath a voice that cries
To heaven 'gainst his atrocities.
Upon that day it had been sweet
To me, some savage beast to meet,
That in the strife to drain his blood,
I might have killed him, or been left
Senseless and mangled in the wood,
By forest prowlers to be reft.
But vainly did I look for one,
Still through the woods I hurried on ;
With nought but thoughts of misery
To be my constant company.

XXVII.

At length the shades of evening fell,
And darkness came on all around ;
I just had passed a mossy dell,
And gained a space of opener ground :
A rugged stone, I knew not what,
Stood in the centre of the place,
And fit appeared its hoary face,
For one of my unhappy lot.
I laid me down, but not to sleep,
Though smit with woe, I could not weep ;
Oppression sat upon my frame,
But my wild thoughts I could not tame ;
Yea, greater strength they seemed to gain
From all my agony of pain :
At length, worn out, and quite deprest,
I sank into the arms of rest.

XXVII.

How long I lay I cannot tell ;
But ere my frame had rested well,

A sudden and an awful crash
Of thunder burst upon my ear,
And the broad lightning's vivid flash
Showed me each object far and near.
My pillow was a Druid altar,
And still methought its look was red ;
Yes, here did writhing victims falter,
While the mysterious words were said
By the priest, so sternly gloating
O'er the wretch he was devoting
To his carnage-loving god,
Underneath the earth he trod.

XXVIII.

Look ! is that a blood-stained priest,
From the house of death released,
Waving his white bony arm
As he marks the life-blood warm
Streaming from his victim's side,
And views it with a savage pride ?

Hark ! is that the dying groan
Ere the victim yields his breath ?
No, it is the cloudy tone
Of the rushing whirlwind's breath ;
'Tis a lightning-blasted tree
That appeared a priest to thee.
O it was a fearful night !
Lonely outcast that I was,
My spirit panted for the light,
More than pilgrim, who shall pass
On the morrow to the shrine,
That he vainly deems divine ?

END OF CANTO II.

C A N T O I I I .

CANTO III.

I.

AT length the dawn of day I viewed,
And with its beam my course renewed ;
And through the forest and the waste,
With hasty steps I onward passed,
Until the morning's puffing breath
Had blown aside the misty wreath,
And widely stretched before me, lay
The ocean glittering with spray.

II.

As here a little while I stayed,
Two sturdy voices shouted high,
“ Think not our watching to evade,
If here thou lingerest as a spy :
Nay, come along, that we may know
Whether thou art a friend or foe.”
With that they seized me, ere I knew
Almost the import of each word ;
And, unopposed, they led me through
The tangled thickets to their horde ;
Who now, with jest and clamorous speech,
Were dragging down the sandy beach
Some boats, as if about to sail
Up to some ships within their hail.
Past these they led me to a cave
That overhung with jutting brow,
And there, before their leaders brave,
They bade me my designs avow.
But first they said where I was found,
Lurking within their station’s bound.

III.

The chiefs were two, but differing far
As any mortals I have seen ;
The first, as formed to shine in war,
Tall, and of proud but open mien ;
Frank, daring, hasty, apt to prize
Bold actions more than counsels wise,
But grown aware of his defect,
And so, by starts, half circumspect.

IV.

The other was of smaller size,
With shelving brow, and deep-sunk eyes,
Where Cunning's soul appeared enshrined :
He tried to pry into the mind
Of others, while his own dark thought
Into the light was never brought.
When first I came, he keenly gazed,
And his dark, shaggy eyebrow raised,
As if intent to read me through,
And learn what I had planned to do.

V.

And when the other warrior cried,
“ Who art thou? What hath brought thee here ?”
And wholly fearless, I replied,
“ Nay. who are ye, that seem to fear
A lonely stranger ?” Then his hand
Made for the handle of his brand,
And coming close unto his mate,
He whispered words of dread or hate ;
And slightly pointed unto me,
As if I was an enemy.

VI.

But loud the other cried, “ Forbear !
Too great, I tell thee, is thy care ;
For if he wished, thus all alone
The deed thou nam’st could not be done.
Besides, I like the manly speech,
With which our questions he hath met ;

This to a slave you could not teach,
And none but such would ever set
His life in danger, just to please
The priestly sons of sloth and ease."

VII.

" I like it not," the other said,
" And from his boldness, am afraid
That his associates cannot be
Far distant from our company."
" Thou wrongst him, then," the other cried,
" And from his words I will decide ;
And show thee that thy caution here
Tells less of prudence than of fear.

VIII.

" Stranger, thou now art in our power,
And we might slaughter thee this hour ;
Though that were far too base a deed
To be by valiant men decreed :

Though some of us, of cautious mind,
Had nearly such a doom assigned.
Not knowing thee, as I will vouch,
For one who will not tamely crouch,
But rather perish by the sword,
Than shame thy sires by act or word."

IX.

Then broke I forth, "Thou dost me right,
And therefore shall the tale be told,
Which otherwise your greatest might
Could not have forced me to unfold.
Contemptuous words to me were said,
By one, who now is with the dead ;
I saw the anguish of my home,
Occasioned by this deed of mine ;
I could not stay to see them pine,
And here my steps have chanced to roam.
But who are ye, that fearful seized
A stranger, lone, and weakly armed ?

Have ye in aught the church displeased,
And fear ye by it to be harmed ?”

X.

“ Thou guessest right,” replied the chief ;
“ Seest thou yon child within the cave ?
To him and his we brought relief,
Just when the grim priest nearly gave
Unto the fire his tortured limb,
Because he did not think with him.
I know not much of scroll, or creed ;
But saved him as the child of one,
Who by full many a valiant deed,
My liking and esteem had won.
And though he after grew estranged,
My friendship could not so be changed ;
So when I heard both son and sire
Were doomed to perish in the fire,
A small, but trusty band I got,
In secret marched, and reached the spot,

Too late, alas ! the sire had died,
And to the stake the son was tied.

XI.

“ The priests fled fast, and fast pursued
My followers, in no pitying mood ;
For they were angry that a friend
Should come to such a shameful end ;
And were resolved to wreak their ire
On those who gave him to the fire.
At length they back to me returned,
Though still their anger hotly burned ;
And came with me to this retreat,
Our safest and obscurest seat.

XII.

“ Soon spread the news of what we did,
The priestly fury is not hid ;
And since we will not stoop to them,
They would destroy us root and stem.

And therefore watch I day and night,
Against their plans of ruthless might ;
Therefore I hasten o'er the wave,
My comrades and this child to save.
Come, wilt thou join us ?"—" What are ye ?"
" Blithe rovers by the land and sea,
Who gained ourselves high martial praise
In our Third Edward's glorious days."

XIII.

" I will, if nothing is required
By which my knightly oath is broken."
" There spak'st thou as my heart desired,
And for the vow which thou hast spoken,
Know that we own it binding too,
In all we say and all we do.
But since thou seem'st oppressed with grief,
Perhaps it will be some relief,
To go and speak to yonder boy,
Who hath not cause to sing for joy."

XIV.

The child he named was fair to view,
With flaxen hair of sunny hue,
And thoughtful eye, and aspect pale,
That mutely told a mournful tale :
He sate alone, and on the ground
He gazed, and never looked around
Until I came, and gently spoke,
Then from his musing trance he woke,
And looked awhile in childish fear,
Then to my side he drew more near ;
And put his form within my arm,
With childhood's unprotected charm ;
Then prest his cheek against my face,
While close he clung to my embrace,
And answered, with the sweetest smile,
The questions that I put the while.

XV.

But soon the leader shouted high,
“ Sir knight, the hour has hastened by ;

Our case admits not of delay,
The wind is fair, we must away."
Then with the child I onward went
Unto the bark our leader meant ;
Where on the beach it rocking lay,
Curled over by the dashing spray.

XVI.

We entered, and the vessel flew
Most swiftly o'er the waters blue,
And quickly the tall ship we gain,
Which was to bear us o'er the main.
Then as the rovers gazed around
 Upon the waters wide ;
No breast was there which did not bound
 With gladness and with pride ;
And while the ship before the gale
 The pilot's hand obeys,
As fills the white and bellying sail,
 Their joyful song they raise.

1.

Though rough be the billow,
We hasten along—
The deck is our pillow,
The blast is our song;
Though swift be the stag
As he scours o'er the plain,
Yet he yields to our flag,
That is lord of the main.

2.

O ours is the banner,
The fearless and free,
With the wild winds to fan her,
We dash o'er the sea;
As the steed in his gladness
Bounds on to the fray,
So we to their sadness
Rush down on our prey.

3.

No dangers appal us,
No terrors affright,
We laugh in the tempest,
We shout in the fight ;
The eagle rejoices
That he is alone ;
But to us were no pleasure,
If peril were none.

4.

Then high be our rival,
And mighty our foe,
And stern be the combat,
And speedy the blow ;
For thus with whomever
The contest may lie,
We nobly shall conquer,
Or gloriously die.

XVII.

Merrily leaps our gallant bark ;
The headlands all are doubled ;
Less gaily springs through air the lark,
Than we through the waters troubled :
Though winds are loud from many a cloud,
What is their breath to us ?
The more we haste through the watery waste,
And meet them smiling thus.
Then blow ye on, ye rising winds,
We dance before your breath ;
The blast we hail, that wafts our sail
To glory or to death.

XVIII.

And fairly still the glad winds blew,
And we had traversed many a league,
When in the distance meets our view
A sail, and vainly we fatigue

Our eyes to know who this may be
That dares to cruise upon our sea.
At length our leader cried, " I know
The sable standard of our foe ;
The only one who dares to meet,
And try the valour of my fleet.
Prepare to fight the Black Eagle's might,
 No craven enemy he ;
He will not spare, and doth not care
 For honour's laws as we.
But those he can capture, with terrible rapture
 He casts into dungeons deep ;
Then 'quit ye like men, and never again
 O'er the wave shall his cruisers sweep."

XIX.

" We will !" then clamoured every lip,
And quickly they prepare the ship
To meet their enemies, who urge
Their swift path through the foaming surge.

He comes, he comes ; but what is this ?
A flash of fire, a smoky wreath ;
What mean these flying balls that hiss,
And tear the waves our prows beneath ?
What ! hath he leagued himself with hell ?
And would he conquer by a spell ?
“ Prepare, my men ! ” our leader cried,
And when I speak the word,
Be each armed warrior by my side
In readiness to board.”

XX.

The foe comes near, and on his sails
The jet-black Eagle we may view,
With wings outspread before the gales
That bear him o'er the waters blue.
Beneath, his talons seem to cleave
A dragon, and the words are read,
“ I give no quarter, nor receive,
But thus the assailant's blood I shed.”

XXI.

Now he is on us—crowded bands
Stand on his deck with sheathless brands ;
“ This is our time,” our leader cried ;
“ We follow thee,” his men replied ;
Then bravely rushed upon the foe,
With pealing shout, and sturdy blow ;
And with the force of their attack
The foe at first is driven back :
While riven helm, and gleaming sword,
All ruddy from the breast it gored ;
And shivering lance, and pierced cuirass,
Form in the strife one bloody mass ;
And near the ravenous sharks repair,
While mortals their repast prepare.

XXII.

But brief is their repulse, for quick
The Eagle's crew press on our men,

And turning round in bodies thick,
Renew the strife with zeal again :
They fight for glory, we for life,
But neither conquer in the strife,
Though thrusting spear, and gashing blade,
No moment from their fury stayed,
Have strewed the decks with heaps of slain,
Their blood appears but shed in vain ;
For wilder rages still the fight,
And hotter presses on each knight,
And they who own not knighthood's laws,
Yet scorn to back a sinking cause,
And therefore urge they on to slaughter
Their foes, or overwhelm them in the water.

XXIII.

For some, when they were closely prest,
That not a sword could find the room
To pierce into the foeman's breast,
And dash beneath his nodding plume,

Essayed to plunge him in the wave,
Then slay him ere a friend could save.
And others, mad with battle's rage,
Twine their arms round some hostile neck,
Then leaping wildly from the deck,
In ocean with their foe engage ;
There fighting on as furious still,
They work on him their ruthless will ;
Or linked in grasps that will not sever
Sink down beneath the wave for ever.

XXIV

Thus long and sternly we contended,
And evening came before we ended
The strife, though hundreds round us lay
As cold as any other clay :
While fierce as mastiffs nought can tame,
Though broken limbs, and mangled cheek,
Might cool the wrath their looks bespeak,
With lips that foam, and eyes that flame :

Still warriors rage, yet not so loud,
For many slumber in the shroud
Of rolling waters, and the rest
With toil and weariness are prest.

XXV.

At length there is a horrid pause ;
None but the leader of each bark,
I, and the orphan, longer draws
The breath of life,—when, silence ! hark !
That feeble shouting tells our foe
Hath laid our gallant leader low,
But will not long survive ; for now
There bursts a red and fiery glow
Throughout his vessel, flaming high,
Its broad light glares in the dark sky ;
And upon all sides wreaths of fire
Are spreading round, and mounting higher,
And clasping with their shining trails
The ropes, and feeding on the sails.

XXVI.

In wild dismay I leap away,
First offering aid if he would live ;
But said our foe, “ I will not go,
My comrades I will not survive ;
For they have fallen as warriors fall —
Odin will call them to his hall ;
I see the Valkyriur appear,
Their swords are bright, their coursers swift ;
Their song of fear assails my ear,
They come our warriors’ souls to lift
To Valhalla’s paradise.
There the offspring of the brave,
Tended by maidens ever blooming,
With radiant locks, and starry eyes,
In endless pleasures are consuming
The happy hours their valour gave :
There they raise the warriors’ laugh,
There the foaming ale they quaff,

Drinking from the skulls of foes
The purple beverage as it flows.
Life has no delights like these,
Death affords me joyful ease ;
Gladly then my spirit flies
To her glorious destinies."

XXVII.

I left him, leapt upon my bark,
The grappling-irons tore away,
Then slowly drifting in the dark,
The vessel cleft its silent way ;
And but few minutes had we parted,
When with the noise of loudest storms,
That fiery mass of wreck was darted
Aloft into the gloomy sky ;
And varying with ten thousand forms,
Like wandering stars some shot on high
And some like meteors, whose red light
Could earth and all its inmates blight ;

And some like serpents circling round
With mazy folds the wretch they found.
Others that were like cars of flame,
Where forms of vengeance might have ridden,
That in their fearful gladness came
To do the deed that they were bidden.
Descending quickly to the waves,
A hissing sound spreads far and wide,
Back from the heat the waters glide,
Old Ocean roars on every side,
And then upon that fiery tide
Sinks blackness like the grave's.

XXVIII.

Where was the orphan? He had crept
Away from where the battle raged,
And when in death so many slept,
Yet still the rest were unassuaged;
He wept to see how Passion's power
Can brutalise the men, who boast

Of reason as their noblest dower ;
Yet waste and ravage many a coast,
And strew the ground with daily dead,
That wolves and vultures may be fed.

XXIX.

But when he saw the ruddy glow
Of raging flames above, below,
And thought our vessel too might take
Its ruin from that fiery lake ;
Then sunk he down upon his knees,
And prayed unto the Lord of all,
That he would send a sure release,
Or make him humbly meet the call
Unto the portals of the tomb,
If that was meant to be his doom.

XXX.

'Twas then I came and found him there,
With peaceful look, and fearless air,

I asked him why he did not fear ;
“ How should I, when my Father’s near ?”
“ Thy father ? I was told thy sire
Had perished formerly by fire ;
Explain thyself ?”—“ My earthly father
Did perish as thou just hast named ;
But there is one whose power can gather
The storms—by whom the world was framed—
Whom yonder raging flames obey,
And at his word would shrink away.

XXXI.

“ O stranger ! we are here alone,
And I am but a little child ;
Yet though I see thy sword defiled
With human blood, I am not grown
Afraid of thee, because thou seemest
No friend of this sad waste of life ;
And the red blood with which thou streamest,
Unwillingly thou shed’st in strife ;

At least I think so, and if not,
I need no longer weep or sigh,
Because I hope that I have got
My heart prepared to live or die."

XXXII.

"Strangely thou speak'st, my child, and yet
Whatever be this faith of thine,
At least it makes thee to forget
The sorrows with which some would pine."
"Forget! O no! but when my care
Seems greater far than I can bear,
I hasten to my Father's throne,
And there I make my silent moan.
But art thou sad? O say not so,
I hoped that I alone felt woe."
"Why dost thou hope so?"—"Why!" he gazed,
As one whom wonder had amazed;
"Why do I hope so? Ought we not
To soothe our fellow mortals' lot,

And not to mind our private grief,
But only live to give relief ?”

XXXIII.

“ And who hath taught thee thus, my boy ?
For if all others were as wise,
The woes of life it would destroy,
And earth would still be paradise.”
“ My parents taught me so,” said he.
“ Then of thy parents speak to me ;
For greatly I desire to know
What trials thou didst undergo.”

The Child's Tale.

XXXIV.

“ I cannot speak of many years,
But in my younger days I saw
What often caused me frights and tears,
For then my sire observed not law :

And with the leader thou hast seen,
He used to traverse forests green ;
And o'er the billowy deep would stray,
Far from his house and home away.
And this was sadness to my mother,
Because she loved him tenderly ;
But yet her sorrows she would smother,
And meet him with a smiling eye,
Because she would not have him find
His home unpleasant to his mind.

XXXV.

“ And she hath taught—I bless my God
That such a parent he bestowed—
The holy faith to which I owe
My bliss above, my peace below ;
Which makes my heart with love inclined
To God, and all of human kind.
But O! she died, and when she lay
Like some fair lily stretched in death,

My father thought what she did say
Unto him with her failing breath :
For well he loved her, and now thought
Upon the doctrines she had taught.

XXXVI.

“ I said he thought upon her words—
‘ Dear husband, grant me this, I pray,
Quit your wild comrades and your swords,
And mix not in the bloody fray :
And let those doctrines be revered,
For which sometimes at me you sneered
But heed not that, forgive that I
Have made you heave that bitter sigh;
I only wish that you may know
The comfort which that holy faith
That I have learnt, can now bestow
When resting on the bed of death.
Think you that I could happy be
In highest heaven, deprived of thee ?

O no, my bliss would be increased
In seeing, feeling you were blest.

XXXVII.

“ ‘ It is not unction, nor the prayer
Of priests, that makes me free from care ;
For man is but an erring guide,
And Passion turns his steps aside :
It is that I have tried to do,
'Mid many a fault, and tear, and groan,
The thing which seemed unto my view
Most proper to be done.
But this I trust not in, I know
That even in my holiest works
Some taint of wickedness there lurks,
Which well might cause me endless woe :
My hope is in the streaming blood
That flowed from my Redeemer's side,
May that with its atoning flood
All of my sins and frailties hide :

And my poor deeds be then approved
As signs that I my Saviour loved.'

XXXVIII.

" And after this my mother died,
And some around her sobbed and cried ;
My father wept not, but he did
All of the precepts she had bid :
And plainer thus than words can show
He told the greatness of his woe.
I need not say he soon perceived
How vain was what he once believed.
And when less oft my sire was seen
At mass and the confessor's chair,
And the priest asked what he could mean
By never being present there ;
My father said he would not take
One for his guidance, who could make
Vile profit of the keys of heaven,
If they to him were truly given.

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XXXIX.

“ Loud foamed the priest with indignation,
And threatened hell and its damnation ;
Nor only threatened, for he told
How that my sire refused him gold,
And thought the church’s title vain
To give or loose eternal pain.
‘ Ha ! saith he so ? ’ the prior cried,
‘ And would he set our rights aside ?
Then since he doth so, he shall mourn
The hour that ever he was born.
Quick let the culprit here be brought,
That truer things he may be taught
By those best guides for erring zeal—
The fire, the torture, and the steel.’

XL.

“ They took my father, and they burnt ;
But little from those flames they learnt

To make them deem he would repent
The faith for which his blood was spent.
And I had died with him, but when
They just had bound me to the stake,
Rushed forth from out a neighbouring glen
The leader for my father's sake ;
And as his life had just been ta'en,
And I alone did still remain,
He led me with his band away
From where my father's ashes lay ;
And took me to the gloomy cave
You came to ere we crossed the wave."

XLI.

" Thank thee, my child, but why so pale ?"
" O when I think upon the tale
Of all my parent's sufferings,
I long to take the swift bird's wings,
And to the mansions of the blest
To fly away, and be at rest.

I do not think I shall remain
Much longer in this world of pain,
My kindred all have 'scaped its wrath ;
And I shall follow in their path ;
But yet it seems to me unkind
To go and leave you here behind."

XLII.

" O think not upon me, my child,
Though heavy griefs are on me piled,
The greatest pleasure I can feel
Is to rejoice in others' weal."
" Heaven bless thee ! but I cannot think
How one with such a gentle heart,
In such a depth of woe can sink ;
However, let what will impart
Thy sorrow, may it pass away,
And leave thee brighter than the day ;
Yet O believe me, though I be
A little child to speak to thee,

Religion can alone destroy
Thy grief, and turn it into joy."

XLIII.

With these and other pleasing words,
Day after day flies swiftly by,
And each successive hour affords
Of mutual love some dearer tie.
In truth, it gave me much relief,
And charmed my mind from half its grief,
To mark the spirit mild yet high,
Which lit his cheek and fired his eye.
His kinsmen lost, he did not weep,
And yet his memory did not sleep,
Some hidden strength within him dwelt,
Which could endure the woes he felt.

XLIV.

I often wondered whence it sprung,
And knew not then, though now I know,

The secret aid to which he clung,
That nerved him for the keenest blow.
His words proved true, death did not stay,
But quickly made the child his prey ;
I watched him fading hour by hour,
And drooping as a tender flower ;
His cheeks had lost their rosy hue,
And died the laughing glance that flew
From out his eyes of sunny blue.
But not a single sigh or tone
Was there to show that health was flown ;
And not a murmur did he vent
Of fretfulness or discontent.

XLV.

And now his latest day was come,
His spirit panted for its home,
And seemed to view with prophet's eye
His near and glorious destiny.

He clasped me with a child's embrace,
And in his features I could trace
Remembrance brooding o'er the woes
Reserve forbade him to disclose.
Anon his eye was far away,
And then a shivering would stray
Throughout his frame, and then it went,
And in his features beamed content.

XLVI.

And then he raised his eyes to heaven,
And said, "To-morrow may be riven
These bonds of flesh, yet mourn thou not,
For mine will be a happy lot :
Betimes I have been taught to flee
The path that leads to misery,
And when bowed down by trial's rod
To fly for refuge to my God.
Thou hast been kindest of the kind,
But know'st thou Him whom I adore?

O love Him with thy heart and mind,
For then we meet to part no more."

XLVII.

A moment gazed he ardently,
And heaven seemed beaming from his eye,
The next I pressed a lifeless thing—
His happy soul had taken wing
For realms of joy ! yes, he was gone,
And I was kneeling there alone
Upon the wide and trackless brine ;
My friends—the friends that once were mine,—
I was their greatest curse, and they—
It may not be—away—away ;
Yes, I will wrap myself in pride,
For what to me is all beside ?
Then be the winds and waters loud,
And if the waves must be my shroud,
I die with none to mourn my fate :
But must I perish with the hate

Of all who loved me in my youth—
My rashness causing all my ruth ?
O ! in a moment to have past
The gates of crime, and no return—
To feel as long as life may last
The fiend, Remorse, my spirit burn.

XLVIII.

O madness then possessed this clay,
I cursed, yes, stranger, cursed the day
 That would not see me die :
I thought to plunge beneath the sea,
And close my earthly agony ;
A vlewless spirit cried, “ Forbear !
And yield not to thy mad despair.”
There was a whisper at my soul,
And bitter were the words it spake ;
I could not 'scape from its control—
It wrought a spell I could not break.

XLIX.

No more I clearly knew, but dim
Yet fearful spectres seemed to swim
Before me—monsters of the deep,
And slimy reptiles seemed to creep
About me,—then a rushing sound,
And all above, beneath, around,
Teemed with strange things of life and breath,
While I was like a living death :
And O it was a dreadful thing
Thus to seem sunk beneath the wave,
To hear the mountain billows ring
Their peal of triumph o'er my grave ;
To hear the tempest's warning sing
Prophetic dirges in my ear ;
While those I used to love or fear,
Were all assembled in delight
To taunt me with my murderous fight.

L.

I saw no more, for all grew dark,
And vanished every fiery spark,
That to the ocean's heaving wave
A wild and terrible lustre gave,
As the lightning that glares on the murderer's grave.
Then hours and days might pass unrecked,
For they were nothing unto me ;
And nothing did I hear or see ;
But when that apathy was checked,
My thoughts and feelings all were grown
Like one who ne'er had ardour known :
Nor marked I if the wave had swept
Away the form o'er which I wept.
Perhaps the weakness of my frame
Had damped my fever's former flame ;
The furious rage at least was past
Which then my spirits overcast.

LI.

But far the breeze had borne my bark,
And in the distance I could mark
Blue mountains, larger they appeared
As nearer to the coast I steered.
Now louder grew the breakers' roar,
And land-birds flew, and screamed around ;
By one small inlet to the shore
I reached it soon, and there I found
Within a grot, not far remote,
Some logs of wood but lately fired ;
And gladly hastening from the boat
I sought the rest my limbs required.
Worn out, no vigils did I keep,
But quickly met the hoped-for sleep.

C A N T O I V .

C A N T O I V.

I.

I SLEPT—but how ? in sleep I seem
As one who terribly doth dream,
If dream it is that leaves behind
The stamp of truth upon the mind :
For plainly was each accent spoken,
Distinct was every fearful token ;
And doubt who will, I hold it sooth
That what I saw and heard was truth.

II.

Methought I was in a spacious hall,
That Nature's hand had made,
Round it the rocks towered black and tall,
And all within was shade ;
And nothing could I see above
Except the cold blue sky,
With some few stars—those orbs I love,
Dim twinkling from on high.
And far away I heard the roar
Of ocean on the rocky shore,
But nearer sounds were none.
Then suddenly the still air rings
With sounds as of ten thousand wings,
And beings grander than the sun ;
But with their glorious looks defaced,
Between me and the sky were placed.

III.

Mighty and awful and shadowy forms,
I thought them the spirits that ruled the storms;

But I saw not their shapes, though I seemed to
view

The blasted majesty of their hue,
For their forms were lost in the thunder-cloud,
And a large bright star was above each head ;
Their voices were sullen, and deep, and proud,
As the midnight swell of ocean ;
And my hair stood up, and my sunk form bowed
With a fearful and strange emotion.
Through them awhile dread silence ran,
Like the hushed calm before the thunder,
And then the mightiest One began
In words that cleft the rocks asunder.

IV.

“ Ye powers and potentates of hell,
Who rather than submit to One,
Whose might ye knew not, nobly fell
To realms ungladdened by the sun ;
Yea, where the keenest torments reign,
The High One’s malice can ordain :

Again we meet the woes to plan
Of him whose fall we caused—of man.
Not that so mean a thing can claim
The thoughts of our majestic frame ;
Nor did he—that our princely care
Were wanted to his full despair ;
For thanks unto that apple's skill
Which made him know both good and ill,
He hurries on from bad to worse,
And leaves us not the room to curse.

V.

“Then wherefore do we seek this woe ?
Why ? but to plague our mighty foe ;
To show our never-dying hate
To him who made—to him who blest
These latest darlings of his breast ;
Yea, it shall be our endless fate
To battle with him, world by world,
Till he or we to death are hurled.

And what can ruin us ? Hath he not
In all he can do, cursed our lot ?
Then what remains ? By enmity
We cannot lose,—but this we gain,
To thwart his will, who sits on high,
And cause his haughty spirit pain ;
For such must be our greatest joy
His gracious counsels to destroy.

VI.

“ Since then ’tis his design to bless,
Be ours to make that blessing less,
And pour the vials of our wrath
Upon these puny mortals’ path.
Nor this alone—we will create
In human breasts an equal hate
With that which fires us, ’gainst the Power
Who seeks to bless them every hour.
Yea, it shall be our chief delight
Their hopes of happiness to blight,

Then make them curse the God who sought
To bless them, for the ills we wrought.
For thus shall men incur the doom
Of us, who fit them for the tomb ;
Thus shall their Maker give in ire
Their souls and bodies to hell fire.

VII.

“ Moloch and Belial, of yore
The office unto you I gave,
That cruelty’s broad wings should wave
Over the East, and men adore
The impostor Mahomet, or feel
The unshaken vengeance of his steel.
Ye acted well, who sent him forth
With lies and sword to vex the earth ;
Luring the offspring of mankind
By rousing their bad passions—blind
They have been, are, and shall be still ;
While following their unhallowed will,

Weak slaves of corruption, they boast themselves
free,
And own not a lord, though they bow them to
me.

VIII.

“ With speed the impostor’s faith o’erran
Persia, Arabia, Hindostan ;
And Africa’s hot desert land
Abased itself to his command,
And Europe shook with secret dread
Lest in her lands that creed should spread.
We wished not this, for Europe’s ways
Were turned from what the god-man taught ;
And Rome had all the nations brought
Beneath us, lost in error’s maze.
She raised old idols up again,
And sent forth swarms of mail-clad men,
To win the soil where Christ did live,
As if that act could sins forgive,

While men neglect the words he said,
To all his holy precepts dead.
So let them—of the thousand roads
That lead to misery's abodes,
What care we which they take—if they
Proceed not in the narrow way.

IX.

“ And Rome prepared those paths, while we
Bent mortal minds to her decree :
We made the kings of earth adore her,
The nations bow themselves before her ;
And while vice grew beneath her nod,
We throned her in the place of God.
But this gross darkness soon must fly,
For it is written so on high ;
And then the eastern realm will fall,
And Europe will the arts recal,
While her inhabitants awake,
And from them their delusions shake.

Commerce shall then spread forth her wing,
And man shall as an eagle spring
To realms his fathers never knew ;
For in the borders of the west,
Undreamt of lands shall meet his view,
With gold, the miser's idol, blest.

X.

“ Now, princes, hearken—He on high
Hath willed the sons of earth shall mend,
And therefore do his angels fly,
To bring about this cursed end.
And holy mortals shall arise,
Whose lives are pure, and hearts are warm—
Who seek to cleanse the earth from lies,
And its inhabitants conform
Unto the pureness of the just,
But vain shall be their pious trust.

XI.

“ Their evil passions we will raise,
And taint with them their purer zeal ;
And this shall meet the waverer’s gaze
When their depravity they feel,
And to their minds it shall be brought,
That those of whom they nobly deem,
Are not unlike, in deed or thought,
To the base things they are and seem.
Thus shall their sense of guilt be stopped,
And when their better thoughts are dropped,
They will attempt to silence those,
Who their unholy lives oppose.
For thus it was from the beginning,
And thus it shall be to the end,
That they whose hearts are set on sinning,
Shall rather slay their righteous friend,
Than take his counsel as their warning,
To save them from eternal mourning.

So be it, their reward shall come,
And they who such advice misprized,
Shall then with guilt and fear be dumb,
And sigh for what they once despised.

XII.

“ And to increase man’s sorrows, now
Our further counsels I avow.
From out this very reformation,
Good men of various countries cause,
Will we prepare a fit occasion
To make some prudent ones to pause.
Other reformers will appear,
With less of prudence, more of zeal ;
And some of them shall hold less dear
The saving truths they know and feel,
Than others, which to them will seem
The great and all-important theme.
Hence shall the sparks of feud begin,
Be ours to blow them into sin,

While Rome's depraved ones shout for glee
To view their foemen disagree.

XIII.

" I shall not name the petty things
Which children of the dust call kings ;
Those creeping reptiles we contemn,
We do not deign to strive with them.
Enough if they become our tools,
To guide the herd of human fools.
But now in Europe shall increase
The knowledge both of war and peace :
Arms shall be made that speedier kill,
To satisfy man's bloody will,
And useful knowledge yield her fruit,
Earth's wasted inmates to recruit.
And now, as ever, shall the land
Where greatest piety is found,
Stand forth the brightest in command ;
And those shall fall where crimes abound.

But passing by the streams of woe,
Which man himself shall cause to flow,
These keener woes shall we contrive
To torture all who godly live.

XIV.

“ First, Bigotry shall show her power ;
Unpeopling earth, not hour by hour,
But month by month, and year by year ;
For she will glory in her guilt,
And deem the blood that she hath spilt,
Hath made her unto heaven most dear.
Then civil war shall rage, concealed
By varnish of religious zeal ;
For thus the breasts of men are steeled,
Lest for their brethren they should feel ;
And by their hell-hound passions, we
Have made them, and *will* make them, flee,
From all the nobler feelings given,
To raise man nearer unto heaven.

XV.

“ Then let them talk of mighty fate,
And tameless passions, when too late ;
And that their wills which walk astray,
Are too resistless for their clay.
The madmen, 'tis they make them so,
By flying not unto their Lord,
Who waits to free them by his word,
If to his bidding they would bow.

XVI.

“ Ha, there is mockery in hell,
Yea, there is gladness with the damned,
To see that mortals will rebel,
And evermore their God withstand :
Yet will these wretches dare to cloak
Their vileness with religious show ;
And therefore waits the fiercest stroke
Our vengeance can on them bestow.

XVII.

“ For though hypocrisy be dearest
Of all the vices that we love,
Yet, child of dust, in vain thou rearest
Thyself aloft, in hope to prove
In cunning thou canst equal us,
Who vex thee, and deride thee thus.
How ! rotting reptile as thou art,
Hath the thought come into thy heart ?
Which frets its puny tears and mirth,
And then sinks down into the earth :
Dost thou imagine thou canst be
As mighty and as high as we ?
The time will come when thou shalt boast
How thy mind sweeps o’er every coast,
How hell’s abyss, and heaven’s fair height
Are all disclosed unto thy sight :
Yes, thou wilt deem thyself a God,
And that the earth obeys thy nod,

While thou forgettest thou art dust,
A prey to passion's every gust.
But let it be so—Adam fell
By the proud thoughts he would not quell,
And ye, his children, share his pride,
Though far beneath in all beside.
Oh man ! what is this earth of thine,
With its few drops of Ocean brine,
To the wide worlds which we pervade,
The foemen of whate'er is made ?

XVIII.

“ But when hypocrisy shall fail
To shroud the wicked with her veil,
In other forms shall hasten up
The spirit of licentious lies,
And men shall put abroad the cup
Of infidelity, and prize.
Its madness, breaking thousand hearts,
Above the bliss which heaven imparts,

Yet, while by deeds they aid the wrong,
They still will seek some specious plea ;
And cloak the violence of the strong
With what may seem a cause to be ;
For while in nations treason lurks,
And upon thousands darkly works ;
Humanity's soft words shall fall,
Philanthropy shall drench the hall
Deep in its owner's blood, and teach
That individuals are but naught,
If by their sacrifice ye reach
The hope that profit may be wrought.

XIX.

“ But ere these times erect their head
Their parent principles must spread.
And who will go forth to give anarchy birth,
And spread ruin and woe on the face of the
earth ?”

Then a spirit drew near, and said, "Lo! I am here,
I will give to the nations the cup of thy fear."

And the great One said, "How?" "Behold I will rise
To the wisest of earth as a spirit of lies—

They shall think that the visions I breed are their
own,

And that they by their knowledge and wisdom
alone,

View the realms of the past, and the future's dim
shade;

And this will they do when they turn from in
pride

The book, that our enemy gave as their aid,
In search of delusions we cause and deride.

O soon through the depths of the air I will sail."

And the mighty One answered, "Go forth, and
prevail:

Thou shalt give to the nations the draught of our
madness,—

They shall drink till they reel, and awake but to
sadness!

There is blood on the waters, and blood on the
earth,

There is mourning in heaven, but with us there is
mirth ;

For the gore that we see, and the groans that we
hear,

Ascend as the incense and joy of the year.

XX.

“ Yes, blood shall flow, and groans abound,
With all the dwellers upon ground.
Men shall repress the grief and shame
Within their breasts they dare not name,
Lest their warm blood should redly run
Through him who calls him Freedom’s son ;
For freedom shall be writ in gore,
Her trophies must be captive lands ;
More harshly ruled than e’er before,
When pressed by legal tyrants’ bands.

XXI.

“ Thus, mighty princes, have I traced
The evils which the earth shall waste ;
And now, by the fierce enmity
Ye feel to Him, who sits on high,
By the place from which ye fell,
By the dark abyss of hell,
Do I call on ye to rise
Against the Ruler of the skies.
Princes of the power of air !
Ye, whose might pervaded space !
Be the woes of man your care,
Work the ruin of his race.”

XXII.

He ceased, and nothing answered him ;
But thick'ning clouds began to dim
The whole expanse of heaven, the ground
Rocked, and the waves sent forth a sound

In fearful fury, while the air
Gleamed with the lightnings everywhere.
But fiercer than the raving storm,
And louder than the ocean's voice,
From every shadowy, awful form
The fiendish song arose, " Rejoice !

Sing, brethren, great

Shall be our joy ;

Though God create

Yet we destroy :

The good he gives,

We turn to ill ;

And all that lives,

Shall curse our skill.

XXIII.

" Sweep on in your gladness, ye islands, and earth
And ocean re-echo the sound of their mirth :
Roll on, but your waters shall turn into blood,
We see them arising, and dark is their flood.

The lands shall be stained with a murderous hue,
Yea, millions shall fall in the place of a few ;
From the east to the west, from the south to the
north,
Shall the curse we have fixed upon mortals go
forth,
And wide as our kingdom, and far as our ken,
Are the evils and plagues we will shower upon men.

XXIV.

“ Then still rejoice,
And shout for mirth,
For a mighty voice
Hath cursed the earth :
Her myriad sons
As the grass shall fade,
While we shall exult
O'er the woes we have made.
Ye shall howl, ye many nations,
Envying the happy dead,

To remotest generations
Shall our curse blast every head.
Love or glory, wealth or power,
Are the baits for you we spread ;
When ye come to taste the flower,
Ye shall find its sweets are fled.

XXV.

“ Shout, for the hopes of the nations shall perish,
They shall fly from true pleasures, to grasp at their
 shade ;
And find that the hopes which most fondly they
 cherish,
O'erwhelm in the ruin they seem to have stayed.
Hate to the Mighty One, hate to mankind,
Since their bliss and his service are ever combined :
But, who is the Mighty One, who is the Lord,
That we should obey him, whose name is abhorred ?
We mock at his thunders, his power we defy,
And the legions of spirits who serve the Most High.

Yes, yes, we defy him, supreme though he be,
Our might may be less, but our wills are as free,
And ne'er shall our furious conflict be o'er
Until the Immortal existeth no more.
And still we defy him, and—"

XXVI.

What can stay
That fearful song in its mid career,
The demon shouts have died away,
But still the demon forms are here.
More dreadful grows the ocean's roar,
Lashing in wrath the echoing shore ;
More lurid is the lightning's flash,
And louder is the thunder's crash,
The very heavens appear to rend,
And flames from out them to descend,
As if they would devour the earth,
Which rocks as at an earthquake's birth.

XXVII.

But it is past, all space is still
And hushed to hear its Maker's will ;
And from the centre of a cloud
A deep and awful voice is heard,
It checks the vauntings of the proud ;
For at that stern and solemn word,
Methought that a shudder of terror ran,
Through the powers that were leagued for the ruin
of man.

XXVIII.

"Spirits of Evil, shall ye flee
To work man's woe without redress ?
No ; by myself I swear to be
The avenger of your wickedness.
Though in my high designs, each clime
Of earth is given ye for a time,
Yet will I still stretch forth my arm
To keep my chosen ones from harm.

Now, fiends, to your deeds of darkness go,
Yet be it your greatest curse to know
That all your efforts 'gainst me are vain,
For I will accomplish the good I ordain."

XXIX.

He ceased, and silence reigned around
Through the hushed earth, and heaven profound;
Then flashed the lightning, howled the thunder,
And loud the raving storm replied,
The solid earth seemed cleft asunder,
And roared the waves in foaming pride;
But louder than storm, wind, or main,
The song of the fiends arose again,
"Rejoice, for the children of earth shall be ours,
Though vainly the High One would limit our powers;
The offspring of Adam shall yet be our prey,
In our chariots the whirlwinds away—away!"

END OF CANTO IV.

C A N T O V.

CANTO V.

I.

I WOKE—the visions of the night
Writ as with fire upon my mind ;
But what are these things ? see I right,
Or still doth sleep my eyelids blind ?
Forms stood around me clad in skins,
Such as the daring warrior wins
In combat from the wolf or bear,
With grizzled beards and matted hair :
They looked upon me in amaze,
And I returned their wondering gaze,
For I was scarcely roused, nor knew
If they were men, or demons too.

II.

But when I saw their stupid look,
My fearful thoughts away I shook,
And spake—they answered, but each voice
Seemed to the other senseless noise.
By signs they then explained, they wandered
Both by the land, and by the sea ;
And after I had briefly pondered
If I should seek their company,
I joined their wanderings, and past
Far up the country to the north,
Where the chill earth brings nothing forth
But firs unmindful of the blast,
And fragrant weeds, and silky moss,
Loved by our steeds, for they would toss
The deep and dazzling snow away,
Their instinct pointing where it lay.

III.

But think not these were
Such as our English country breeds,

For they were antlered, deer-like things,
That trod the earth as if with wings ;
And started off with swiftest bound
If struck with fear at sight or sound.
With strangers then I took my way
To climes that feel no wintry ray,
Where e'en the brightest noon is dim,
And the tall hills seem ghostly grim,
As mantled with unfading snow
They rise above the plains below,
Like spell-bound kings, who wait the hour
That shall restore their vanished power.

IV.

Yet darkness doth not reign, for there
Meteors are ever flashing bright,
And stars and planets hung in air
Adorn the silent brow of night.
And there, though wintry sun be none,
Yet in the summer is there one

Which yields by night as warm a ray
As at the brightest hour of day.
“What wondrous news?” Sir Arthur said,
“How far the Almighty’s glories spread;
Since he bestows on farthest lands
Whatever gifts their want demands.
Proceed, my friend, to tell thy tale,
Unless thy varied fortunes fail.”

V.

Not yet, not yet,—Earth, Ocean, Man,
Have still some ills in store for me ;
For I am placed beneath the ban
Of earth, and earth’s society.
Yet, wherefore should I mourn? For one
I have—a great, a changeless Friend,
And he will leave me not alone
Wherever mortal friendships end.
And it may be that all the woes
I now have felt, and still shall feel,

Are very needful ones, to steel
My heart's affections, lest they close
And clasp some lovely thing of earth,
There taking up their final rest,
And slight those joys of higher worth,
The chosen mansions of the blest ;
And if it be so, though the loss
Is very grievous to be borne,
Yet would I wish to take my cross,
And suffer man's despite and scorn.

VI.

But to my tale—we travelled long,
And ever and anon we met
With bears, on whom, though fierce and strong,
Our braver warriors promptly set.
And if, as sometimes chanced, a cave
Seemed fitting for a bear's abode ;
Loud were their shouts and yells to brave
The savage forth, and out he strode,

Growling and glaring fiercely round
On the disturbers he had found.

VII.

And when the shouting was renewed,
And darts began his sides to greet,
Then with fierce rage some one he viewed,
And rising on his hinder feet,
Rushed forth to crush the man he chose
As the most forward of his foes.
But well the man his purpose knew,
Backwards a step or two he drew;
And when for vengeance Bruin came,
Thrust out his spear of sturdy frame,
And deep the iron point he prest
Into the bear's devoted breast.

VIII.

Poor beast! it would have grieved your heart,
Soon as he felt the mortal wound,

To see him press the iron part
Into his breast, and turn it round ;
And as he prest it close, no sound
Came forth to mark his grievous pain,
But while his blood flowed on the ground
He calmly felt it leave his vein,
And looked with brutish dignity
On those who came to see him die.

IX.

But if it happened that we slew
A young one, when its dam was near,
Then was it horrible to view
How she would foam, and roar, and tear
The ground beneath her feet, and rush
Upon us with intent to crush :
Then stop, and moan, and lick the head
Of her lost cub, that lay so still,
To mark if it were really dead,
Or motionless through fear of ill.

X.

And when she saw that it was gone,
Then furiously she hurried on,
And threw herself upon the spears
That every one around her rears
To take her life ; but vain at first,
For she forgetteth not she nursed
The offspring that is now so cold,
And, therefore, where she doth behold
Its murderers, there she flings her paws
To rend them piecemeal with her claws.
No fear of danger doth she know,
She lives but to avenge the blow
That laid her dear-loved offspring low,
Then fall, and by its side be laid
Whose death with blood she hath repaid.

XI.

Such were the things that mostly cheered
Our wanderings, till we reached a spot,

In which, though houses none appeared,
Our tribe its dwelling-place had got.
A slippery ladder's top was there,
And we descended by its stair,
Until we reached the cell below,
Well guarded from the frost and snow.
Wolves', foxes', bears', and seal-skins spread
The softest pillow for the head ;
And blazing fires shone redly o'er
The tenants of that strange retreat,
Well stocked with many an ample store
To furnish man both food and heat.

XII.

And strange, indeed, it seemed, as when
I wakened from that hellish fright
Which made my flesh to creep again ;
The females here so shocked my sight,
That I have doubted if a spark
Of mind illumed their spirits dark ;

It seemed of nothing they could think
Except to sleep, and eat, and drink.
And pride would whisper to my heart,
Can these in nature be like her,
Whose charms could such delight impart,
As to disable thee to stir,
Or feel, see, speak of other things
Except the joy her presence brings ?
O can it be that lovely face
Whose looks were dignity and grace,
Is of the self-same mould as they
Whose soulless forms I now survey ?

XIII.

Fool that thou art, to let thy pride
Hurry thee on to blame so wide ;
Are not all mortal natures like
If circumstance doth not oppose ?
Then wherefore wouldst thou proudly strike
Asunder bonds, whose links enclose

The spacious range of human life ?
Is it not too much split in strife
Already ? This *thou* canst not doubt,
Whom private quarrels have thrust out
From what thou lovest so much, and all
Thy heart would vainly now recal.

XIV.

These were the thoughts that filled my breast
Within that subterranean nest,
For I conversed not with the throng,
Though not unskilful in their tongue ;
And thus it came I was alone,
Although surrounded still with men ;
My griefs and feelings were my own,
And oft they bore me back again
To scenes once lit with joy so brief,
It did but aggravate my grief.

XV.

And do the lady and her sire
Still live among the wreck I made ?
And do they think of me with ire,
Or is their fearful wrath allayed ?
O that my eye might see them now,
And mark their feelings in each brow !
Myself I care not for—but them—
Would that, as gorgeous rainbows gem
The lowering heavens, so I might cast
A bright ray o'er the stormy past.
Could I but soothe the woes they feel—
What ! dost thou yet regard their weal
Above thine own ? Fool ! wherefore so—
Have not they caused thine own deep woe,
At least as much as thou hast theirs ?
Then think about thy private cares,
And leave to other men their own.
Degraded wretch ! and am I grown

So sordid, as to suffer aught
Of self to mingle in my thought ?
O let me rather die than stain
Myself with what I should disdain.

XVI.

Thus often with myself I strove,
Between my anger and my love ;
And good and ill in turn possess
The empire of my troubled breast.
Have ye not marked a torrent's course,
With what indomitable force
It hurries on before it fall,
And with its rush o'erwhelmeth all
It meeteth with ? E'en so I past
Like that wild stream, as fierce and fast.

XVII.

And yet methinks, although the fall
Of mighty waters must appal,

More terrible it is to mark
The prisoned waters' muttered hiss,
When they have shot into the abyss
That lies beneath so deep and dark.
And so, though fearful be the sight
Of man borne on by passion's might,
More terrible it is to eye
That man's despairing apathy,
When all his hopes destroyed, he lies
Regardless if he lives or dies.

XVIII.

And thus it often was with me—
I lived, though I had ceased to be
Acquainted with a child of earth,
Whose sight could cause me grief or mirth;
A being passionless as stone,
One doomed to live and die alone,
And let his bones afford a feast
Unto some ravenous bird or beast.

At other times I groaned aloud,
And as these sounds more frequent grew,
It caught the notice of the crew ;
And there were some who fearful vowed
No human spirit heaved the groan
Which mourned so sadly pleasures flown.

XIX.

Then some would utter soothing words
To chase my bitter thoughts away,
And tell the tales their land affords,
And how they vanquished beasts of prey ;
But when they saw it did not prove
Of power my sadness to remove,
Then first mysterious whispers past
Throughout that savage throng, and signs,
And nods, and meaning looks were cast,
By which each separate man divines
He only thinks his neighbour's thought ;
Thus each from each new spirit caught,

Until it was proposed by all
That I my actions should recall,
And tell by what unhallowed act
My heart and conscience now was racked.

XX.

Before me then the circle spread,
And artlessly my tale I said,
As I have spoken it to you ;
But O it was most strange to view
The wrath with which they heard me say
I slew my friend in hasty fray.
Each hand was raised aloft in air,
Each eye beheld me with a glare,
Such as a tiger might have cast
His foes, before he breathed his last.

XXI.

And first the young exclaimed aloud,
“ Hath not the action been avowed ?

Hath he not slain his countryman—
His intimate companion—one
With whom he broke the bread of love ?
And wherefore doth he say he strove ?
Because a blow was struck—'tis well :
Hear him, by Honour's laws he fell—
A deity we never saw,
Though in that land his word is law.

XXII.

“ What is this Honour ? is it God,
That man should crouch beneath its nod ?
Is it a power that lives on blood,
With thousands for its daily food ?
Not so, O Gods, we worship ye,
You do not bid us bend the knee
To slaughter, and baptize with gore
The offspring that our partners bore.
But this man and his race are cursed,
And therefore doth he feel the worst

That fiends can work him, as he saith,
If what he speaks deserves our faith.
But shall he come to blast our land,
And call down Heaven's most righteous rage?
And will ye take him by the hand,
Seeking his sorrows to assuage?
O never will we sink so low
As to befriend our deity's foe."

XXIII.

"Peace, youths," exclaimed the patriarch sage,
Whose form was reverend through age,
Would ye usurp our judgment seat,
And fix his doom ere we decide?
So were your arrogance complete,
And Heaven would punish your bold pride.
As for this stranger, he hath wrought
Most wicked actions, it is true,
But it would seem malicious thought
Was never present to his view.

He was provoked, and struck again—
And have ye never done the same ?
I say not he hath justly slain
His foe, but ere his act you blame,
Remember what yourselves have done,
And both the deed and censure shun.
O hoary elders, ye whose mind
Passion hath no more power to blind ;
Ye who can plead a stranger's cause,
And judge him by impartial laws,
I call upon you to decree
What this man's punishment shall be."

XXIV.

" Aged patriarch, man of lore,"
(Thus the elder's speech began,)
" Thou whose years exceed fourscore !
We have thought upon this man,
Of the tale that he hath told,
And the deed that he hath done,

And the sight he did behold
Of the mighty Evil One.
We have thought, but know not how
We should pass his sentence now,
For his acts and sights declare
One who knows the powers of air:
And if we provoke their hate,
We shall mourn it, soon or late.
But a wondrous priestess lives,
Gifted with unbounded skill,
To whom Heaven its mysteries gives,
And explains its secret will:
If ye wish the course exprest
That we think will be the best,
When the heat dissolves the wave,
Bear him to the priestess' cave."
" 'Tis well," the patriarch replied,
" The priestess shall his fate decide."

XXV.

How slow the moments passed away,
Which ushered in that awful day ;
Yet when that morn had lit the sky,
O how I wished it were not nigh ;
Although it was less hard to bear
The suffering, than its anxious fear.
But it was come—a criminal
I was led o'er plain and mount,
O'er vale and rock, by spring and fount,
To the priestess' caverned hall.


XXVI.

We entered, but the gloomy path
Stretched on through windings dark as death ;
Fresh mazes spread within each maze,
Unseen but by the torches' blaze,
And curst were he who there should stray
Without a guide to show the way,
For he must perish in its den,
And never see the light again.

And this might terrify the brave,
But there was more to fright the slave,
For it was said therein
The spirits of the perished base
Were coursed by heroes in the chase,
With merriment and din.
And luckless were the mortal eye
Which this unearthly sport should spy,
Since death would punishment supply
For such presumptuous sin.

XXVII.

At length emerging from the gloom,
We reached a lofty central room,
Where the rocks formed a rugged dome ;
And towering high in air,
A stately female form was seen,
With flowing locks, and awful mien,
While the deep sunbeam shed a screen
Of light before her there.



Her blue vest glanced with many a stone,
 Beads round her neck were twined,
And a black cap upon her shone,
Stripped from a lamb's yet living bone,
 With whitest catskin lined.
Upon a brass-girt staff she leant,
 A curious belt she wore,
Whence many a magic instrument
 Descended to the floor.

XXVIII.

With reverence my guides drew near,
They bent the knee, and bowed the head ;
But long ere they could speak through fear,
With awful voice the priestess said—
“ Mortals, explain not why ye come, .
I know the reason—peace—be dumb.
I know the voices of the wind,
 The murmurs of the wave,
The tempest's breath informs my mind,
 The ocean is my slave :

.

Yes, I can count the countless sand,
I rule the waters and the land,
The spirits of the upper air,
 Though in remotest realms they stray,
Here at my bidding prompt repair—
 They listen and obey.

XXIX.

“ E’en now they are not far remote—
Hark ! hear ye not their rushing note ? ”
She spoke, and voices seemed to pour
Through the dark cave with hollow roar :
“ It is their answer—now for thee,
Thou stranger from beyond the sea,
Whose hasty hand his heart hath rent,
Thy thoughts shall be thy punishment ;
For well I know the outward ills,
Thou hast endured, and shalt endure,
Are nothing to the thought, which fills
Thy mind with anguish keen and sure.

XXX.

“ Since erring virtue led thee wrong,
And man ordained what Heaven forbad,
Although thy sorrows shall be long,
Deliverance from them shall be had.
Though exiled from thy kinsman’s home,
Though on the rough seas doomed to roam,
 And mixed with comrades wild ;
Thy lot shall not be wholly ill,
For brightness shall life’s evening chill,
 With sunset glory gild ;—
But yet such glory as attends
The day where storms of late did lower,
When the broad streak of crimson blends
Its deep dye with the sunbeam’s shower.

XXXI.

“ Go, be thou happy, after years
Of thought, and penitence, and tears ;

Trouble may cross thee, sorrow shake,
Thy spirit it shall move, not break ;
Base death may finish thy career,
Yet will I bid thee feel no fear,
For dearer far such death shall be
Than hero's after victory.

XXXII.

“ And ye, O guides, whose blinded zeal
Hath brought this wayward mortal here,
While I his destinies reveal,
Turn to my words a listening ear.
A boat and everything provide
That ye are wont yourselves to use ;
Then place him on the waters wide,
And do not for a while refuse
To aid him to a southern land,
In which his future course is planned :
Then leave him to his fate, nor think
That he will there unnoticed sink.”

XXXIII.

She ceased to speak, and we retired ;
My guides performed the things required ;
But different was their conduct now,
From what of old they used to show.
At first they liked me, then they hated,
Yet showed a superstitious awe,
The priestess' words respect created,
As though I lived beneath a law
Framed for myself, and none besides,—
Such were the feelings of my guides.

XXXIV.

But why should I prolong my tale ?
We travelled south a little way,
And then embarked upon a bay
Where gambolled the unwieldy whale.
Awhile I had companions, then
My solitude returned again :

And there upon the mighty water
In peace before my mind was brought
My life, from that unhappy slaughter
Unto the moment of my thought.

XXXV.

Those thoughts were blest, although so dark
I loathed the sins that I could mark,
And cried to Him who heareth prayer,
“ Father of mercies, I have erred ;
May I yet pray of Thee to spare,
And teach me in thy holy word :
O let the feeling be abhorred
That blinded me with worldly glare,
Henceforth be Thou my only Lord,
And may thy service be my care.
Should I to lands once more return,
Inhabited by Christian men ;
And view a social altar burn,
And see a friendly face again :

Then will I vow to serve Thee still,
And seek to do Thy holy will.
O do not spurn my feeble words
Because no saint his aid affords ;
To mortal man I cannot pray,
Although the holiest place within,
For man's command hath made me stray,
Then if I sin, forgive my sin :
And grant me peace and happiness,
With power my fellow men to bless."

XXXVI.

Peace dawned again upon my mind,
And hope revived, which once had fled,
I lived no more as one designed
To mingle only with the dead :
Yet slowly day succeeded day,
I seemed to make but little way,
And fearful thoughts at times were mine,
That I should perish on the brine.

At length a vessel crossed my path—
I made a sign which they perceived,
And readily myself received
Like to the rebel seer of Gath.

XXXVII.

And Jonah's suffering followed me,
As if his crime and mine were one ;
For though our vessel cleft the sea
As swift as hawk has ever flown ;
Yet when the land appeared in sight,
And hopes were high, and hearts were light,
A squall came on, then fiercer grew,
And blackened all the waters blue,
Till the dark sky's and ocean's gloom
Seemed to foretel a watery tomb.

XXXVIII.

Then spoke the captain of the bark,
“ Methinks a spell is laid on thee,

And all who to thy accents hark
Must share thy lot and destiny.
A plague hath reached me, that I took
Compassion on thy wretched look,
And now I peril life and land
For one beneath dishonour's brand.
But here I cannot now upbraid,—
Go thou and give thy utmost aid."

XXXIX.

I went, but wilder grew the storm,
And the bleak wind moaned loud and high,
The thunder growled, the lightning warm
Flashed frequent from the dismal sky;
But still our vessel onwards fled,
The stately mast upreared its head,
Until a sweeping wave washed o'er
The deck, and hurried me away ;
My comrades then I saw no more,
But seemed through verdant meads to stray

In fairy lands, with lovely trees,
And purest streams, and sweetest flowers;
And sporting there, the wanton breeze
Beguiled away the happy hours :
And then confused ideas glanced
Before my mind—I knew not what ;
And after them I seemed entranced,
Then all things quickly were forgot,
And senseless on the wave I floated,
Like one who was to death devoted.

C A N T O VI.

C A N T O VI.

I.

WHEN first my consciousness returned,
A monk was standing by my side,
He chafed my temples till they burned,
And with a warning sign replied,
I must not yet my silence break,
When fruitlessly I tried to speak.
He tended me with watchful care
Until my health was quite restored ;
And when my rashness I deplored

That had brought on events so sad ;
He thus replied, with solemn air :

II.

“ My son, the rescue thou hast had
Should lead thee to repent :
And flying from a world of sin,
Retire some holy house within :
Heaven may perhaps relent,
If charity thou shouldst not spare,
If meditation, fasting, prayer
To holy saints in heaven be tried ;
Nor would the favour be denied
By us to reckon as a son
Him who was once a shameless one.
Ah ! happy they who seek the breast
Of holy Church, and there take rest.
Will such re-seek earth's tumult ? No :
For them life's storms no longer blow —

No more they wander on a sea
Of doubt, and strife, and misery ;
But sheltered in the port of peace,
Their sufferings for ever cease."

III.

" Father," I cried, " such thoughts as these
Of late my spirit greatly please,
But yet uncertain is my mind,
And now my kinsmen I would find."
Said father Ambrose, " Son, I see
This world hath too much hold on thee ;
Thou art not yet so pure in thought
As to account earth's trifles nought.
But yet, if to thy blinded sight
The joys of heaven yield no delight,
I will not keep thee longer,—go—
Thy folly thou mayst quickly know ;
And here return to taste the joy
Earth cannot give, nor man destroy."

IV.

Here ceased our conference,—I rushed,
Swift as a stag whom hounds pursue,
To see if all my hopes were crushed,
Or if they still might bloom anew.
Alas ! my fears foretold aright,
I came to view the utter blight
Of scenes where happiness had dwelt,
Too little prized when deepest felt.
Two years had scarce rolled o'er my head,
Since from the castle walls I fled,
And can it be decay hath swept
Away so many things beloved ?
Is this the park where once I stept
As free as childhood ever roved ?

V.

Where is the falcon on the wing ?
Where are the birds that used to sing ?

Why does the river sound so hoarse,
Unlike its former joyful course ?
And why do weeds surround the wall—
Am I the author of it all ?
My thoughts were mournful, ye may deem,
As up the avenue I past,
Whose boughs shut out the noon-day beam ;
But at the keep I stood aghast.

VI.

Strange as in mansions of the dead,
Through the mute courts my summons spread ;
Slowly flew off the birds of prey,
The hare and rabbit crept away,
And owls, and bats, with screeching sound,
Warned the intruder from the ground.
At length a hollow voice was heard,
“ Say, who art thou that comest here,

Where ravens flock, and foxes herd ?
No place is this for festal cheer :
Here Death and Silence reign,—wilt thou
Dare to intrude upon them now ?”

VII.

Amidst this melancholy moan,
I thought the accents not unknown,
Though he on whom my thoughts did rest
Once never spoke except to jest.
“ Hubert, is that thy voice ?”—“ My lord !
Is it thy lips that speak the word ?”
The jealous gates he soon unbarred,
O sadly on the hinge they jarred !
And from my lips a groan there broke,
Which he remarked, and sadly spoke :
“ Ah ! yes, I would not once believe
The man who told me pleasure fled,
And that the grave must all receive.”
“ Then it *is* true, and they are dead.

But tell me, my dear Hubert, say,
Cursed they not me when far away?"

VIII.

" Oft did the lady—not her sire ;
And she, when going to expire,
Caused me to kneel beside her bed,
While thus with faltering voice she said :
' If ever thou shouldst see him more,
Tell him, (thou knowst of whom I speak,)
That though he caused my heart to break,
My bitter curses I deplore.'
O ! it was moving to behold
How weakness had subdued the bold,
The fire no longer lit her eye,
That once flashed out so furiously ;
Her voice was gentle in its tone,
And like a summer brooklet's moan."

IX.

“Thou paintst her well—her angriest mood
Seemed joined to something high and good :
But tell me what her father did,
He did not curse me, thou hast said.”
“Never ! and all but her he bid
To speak of thee, as one who fled
Because thy honour was at strife
With all thy happiness in life.
He wasted silently away,
Seeming to bitter thoughts a prey ;
But never let his grief appear,
In starting sigh, or gushing tear.
Nay, he was angry if there past
A word that he would sink at last ;
And he would talk, and force a smile,
Then tried his former sports awhile ;
But gave them all up, one by one,
And grew by little more alone,
Holding sad conference in his breast,

As from uncertain sounds we guessed,
But knew no more, for he disdained
That others should behold him pained.
And thus he withered silently
Until the hour of death drew nigh ;
And from the hour he reached the tomb
These walls have worn a prison's gloom."

X.

" Enough, good Hubert, stay me not ;
I will revisit every spot,
Then hasten to some abbey's shrine
And soothe my griefs with thoughts divine."
E'en so I did, and wandered o'er
The spots so gladly trod before.
Now each appeared to me the grave
Of joys I would have bled to save.
The banner mouldered in the hall,
The armour rusted on the wall ;

Within the chambers all was hushed,
Save when the fitful breezes rushed,
And made a melancholy moan
As if they swept through deserts lone.
The spacious garden next I viewed,
Alas ! it was as wild and rude ;
The weed alone upreared its head,
The flowers were withering or dead,
The terrace was with moss o'ergrown,
The falcons to the woods were flown ;
And sick of sights I could not bear,
Back I returned in deep despair.

XI.

That abbey's walls received me then,
Which brought me back to life again,
And there awhile I did not try
To free myself from misery :
Though when I heard from mortal tongue
Such strains as angels might have sung,

My soul seemed wafted to the sky
By that seraphic melody.
And when I marked the sunbeams pass
Through the rich windows' stained glass,
Where saints clasp hands in pictured prayer,
Or praise their God with fervent will,
Or fly in rapture through the air,
His gracious counsels to fulfil ;
Then thoughts of happiness would come
And make my breast their blessed home.

XII.

But to the Holy Word I owe
The truest gladness of my breast :
No causeless joy from that doth flow,
Then hear how I that bliss possess'd.
Within the library I sought
To ease my bitterness of thought,
And there, midst other things perceived
The Sacred Book by saints believed.

I read it carelessly, but soon
I thought this writing must be true ;
And shall not I my folly rue
If I neglect its offered boon.
It leads to happiness I know,
From that dear orphan's simple tale ;
And am I in such love with woe
As to neglect a remedy
That has not, and that will not fail ?
O may true wisdom from on high
Teach me to read aright, and draw
My comfort from its holy law.

XIII.

But where was comfort? In that creed
The wicked one was doomed to bleed ;
I read it, and I felt it just,
Then what had I on which to trust ?
Had not I sinned, and thus incurred
The condemnation of that word ?

And was there nothing to atone
For all the evils I had done ?
Then searched I, led by hope and fear,
If some good tidings I could hear,
And found the Son of God had died
To give man life for evermore.
True, I had heard of this before,
But now with power it was applied
Unto my heart, and did not seem
As once, a sight or player's theme.

XIV.

And with, I hope, an humble heart
I prayed that heaven would grace impart ;
And lead me in the narrow way,
Nor suffer me from thence to stray.
And earnestly I looked to find
If idols, saints should be adored ;
I read of worshipping the Lord,
But nothing else—and then my mind

Refused to bend before the form
Of beings dying like the worm.

XV.

Yet long and anxiously I strove,
Fearing some passion led me wrong,
Because I would not walk among
The men, whom I was bound to love.
"Perhaps," I thought, "my love of ease
Fasting and penitence displease :"
And then I scourged myself, and wore
A shirt of hair a year or more ;
Yea, on my knees I paced the stones
Until my flesh disclosed the bones :
It moved me not, I could sustain
Unmindful any weight of pain,
Yet still these thoughts weighed down my breast,
And would not suffer me to rest.

XVI.

To brother Ambrose I made known
The thoughts that vexed me when alone;
Who, pious, yet withal severe,
Was much alarmed my thoughts to hear.
“ Brother,” he said, “ I fear that thou
Art led astray by Satan now.
True, thou art outwardly correct,
And keep’st our rules without neglect ;
Thou art not slow to charity
As many a heart can testify :
But, brother, doth no cherish’d sin
Rankle unseen thy breast within ?
Doth not thy pride refuse to bow ?
Though hid from thee by reason’s show.
O think not rashly thou art right,
When with our church thou dar’st to fight.
Remember what our Saviour said,
Upon this rock my church is laid ;

To succour it I will not fail,
Against it hell shall not prevail,
Remember, too, that church can close
The realms where endless pleasure flows."

XVII.

" Brother, it is not pride that leads
Me now to separate from your deeds ;
I do not wish to start aside,
And make myself another's guide.
But can that church instruct me right,
Which wars with doctrines it should teach ?
—Worship but God, the Scriptures write ;
—Worship the saints, your fathers preach.
Saith Scripture, Christ alone can stand
To plead for man at God's right hand ;
—Say ye the saints can give their aid
If prayers unto them should be made.
Thou shalt not fright me, speak I will,
Until my tongue has lost the skill."

XVIII.

“ Alas, alas ! thou wretch accurst !
I *feared* before, now *know* the worst :
Well mayst thou tremble, lest thou be
Struck dumb for speaking blasphemy.
Yet will I not prejudge thee, stay
And hear the words that I would say.
Our church alone the power doth hold
The Scriptures’ meaning to unfold,
—For many things therein are writ,
Too dark for man’s unaided wit,
When musing upon them alone.”

XIX.

“ Then why in Scripture is there shown
Salvation’s path to all so plain
That fools shall not inquire in vain ?
I know that many things are dark,
Too high for wisest men to mark ;

But none that are important—none
That teach us what to seek or shun.
Hear me—with pleasure I will bend
To one whom I esteem my friend,
If by the words the Bible saith
Thou canst defend the Romish faith.”

XX.

“Alas! then thou must surely die,
Thy madness is the cause, not I :
Brother—no more ; I see it all,
I see thee to perdition fall ;
Hell opens wide her gates for thee,
And all the fiends shout jubilee,
One hath forsook his father’s creed,
Eternal torment be his meed.
Once more I ask thee, for the last,
Is still thy resolution fast ?
Canst thou endure to breathe in strife,
With misery to dog thy life ?

Art thou prepared to bear the curse
And hatred of the universe ?
Or wilt thou calmly yield thy breath
Beneath a base and torturing death ?

XXI.

"If thou *art* ready, speak." "I hear
Thy threatening language without fear.
Once more I tell thee, prove me wrong
And to your faith I still belong ;
If not, torment me as you can,
I will endure it like a man !
And may heaven grant your cruelty
May not revert to you from me."
"Then to the abbot I must go,
And he must all thy folly know ;
And much I fear that he will doom
Thyself to a deserved tomb.
Here, brothers Jerome, Andrew, John,
Keep watch upon this wicked one."

XXII.

They came—he went, and told my crime
Unto his spiritual lord ;
Yet begged I might be spared, that time
Might cancel tenets so abhorred.
The abbot was enraged to hear
Apostasy in one so near :
No saint was he, ambition swayed
His breast, and he its rule obeyed.
Now with the hermit he would fast,
And now partake the rich repast ;
Stern to the low, he bowed him down
And shunned to meet a prince's frown ;
But yet so little fearful seemed,
That this in him was meekness deemed.

XXIII.

When I was brought into his sight,
He spoke—" Thou wretch foredoomed to death,

Unworthy now to view the light,
Or still prolong thy forfeit breath ;
It had been better not to be
Than thus to die eternally.
Ah, much thou griev'st me ; I believed
That thou wert true, and am deceived :
And all thy once well-seeming deeds
Appear like fair but poisonous weeds,
To hide thy filthiness below,
Since all would shun its naked show.

XXIV.

“ I feared for thee, yet hope forbad
My heart to credit thou wert bad ;
Though well I knew that study deep,
Vain thoughts, and fasts, that banish sleep,
Joined to a haughty, curious soul,
Which spurned our church's wise control,
Were signs of one gone far astray,
And given to Satan for a prey.

And since, though urged, thou wilt not bend,
And heed'st not those who cry ' Amend,'
What cause forbids me now to doom
Thy living person to the tomb?
Perhaps it were the wisest way
To frighten those who else would stray;
But the weak mercy of my heart,
And brother Ambrose' earnest prayer,
Forbids thee yet with life to part;
In hope the mercy that doth spare,
May win thy now perverted mind
The ways of truth to seek and find.

XXV.

" But thee I solemnly renounce,
And as an heretic denounce:
Hold all who cherish thee accurst,
E'en to the mother that hath nursed.
Cursed shall he be that calls thee guest,
Cursed be the chamber of thy rest,

Cursed be the covering of thy head,
And cursed the ground which thou dost tread;
Curst be the man who once relieves thee,
But blessed he who ever grieves thee ;
And cursed, who speak to thee a word,
Unless to show thou art abhorred.
Go, and may heaven in vengeance wreak
The curses on thee that I speak."

XXVI.

" I go," I answered, " but before
I leave ye, I would speak once more.
And, Ambrose, first I ask of thee,
Dost thou consent to this decree ?
Is rage like this the abbot shows
Like Him who died to save his foes ?
O when the judgment-day is come,
When every sinner shall be dumb,
Think'st thou the Lord will shut from bliss
A man whose crime was only this,

To search the Scriptures, and confide
In what they say, and nought beside ?
Think'st thou the Just One would decree
The sentence ye have past on me ?
When He declares that cur'd are they
Who add one word, or take away
From what is written in his book—
Nay, brother, if thou canst not look
A sinful mortal in the face,
How wilt thou stand thy Judge's gaze ?
I ask thee as a brother dear,
Though harsh, yet as I think, sincere ;
How thou wilt answer in that day ?
Thou dost not speak, but turn'st away.

XXVII.

“ Abbot, I speak to thee, who now
Hast cursed me with an awful brow.
Here thou art over me as God,
My life may vanish at thy nod ;

And thou *hast* taken more than life,
In dooming me to live in strife.
But, abbot, there must come an hour
When thou shalt name thy use of power ;
Think, wilt thou then declare, or feel,
This act arose from holy zeal ?
I cannot penetrate thy breast,
And read the thoughts which there have rest ;
But there is One who can, and He
Will not abide iniquity.
If now I sat within thy seat,
Would I mete back, as thou dost mete ?
No ; He hath said whom I obey,
Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

XXVIII.

When this was said, I left the hall,
And hastened from the abbey's wall,
Unstopped by any who had heard
And wondered at my daring word.

Since then full many a year has flown,
And I have ever been alone,
A wanderer whose canopy
Is forest bough, or open sky :
Within no house my foot hath been,
No friendly face my eye hath seen ;
The only voices that I hear
Peal mocks and curses in my ear.

XXIX.

Do I repent me of my choice ?
Never ; were this my dying voice,
I would repeat what then I said,
Though fourfold miseries reached my head.
And anguish truly hath been mine ;
I mean not what I just have named,
At such I would not once repine,
And that I spoke them am ashamed :
But keener woes than these molest,
And make me long to be at rest.

Two days have scarcely hastened past
Since I received my worst and last.

XXX.

A mother sorrowed o'er her child
Whom fever rendered raving wild ;
Although his body was so weak
That when not racked he could not speak.
I knew a herb of virtue sure,
Not only to relieve, but cure ;
And told the mother I would gain
This solace for her infant's pain.
She thanked me with a varying cheek,
Where grief and joy seemed both to speak ;
And I departed, hoping soon
To bring her back this grateful boon.

XXXI.

But while I searched, a friar came,
Who knew my fortunes, and my name :

He told her I was doomed to hell,
And cursed by all who acted well,
And said that heaven had sent this trial
To prove her faith by her denial.
Unwilling was she to destroy
The life of her beloved boy ;
Unwilling to believe me meant
For everlasting punishment.
But he prevailed ; when I returned,
Me, and my remedy, she spurned.
She cursed me, and her infant died.
I did not curse her, but I cried
To Him who hears a sinner's prayer,
To give me strength this woe to bear,
And soothe her grief, whose mind misled,
Awoke to see her infant dead.

XXXII.

And now, what am I, but a thing
Who long to take the eagle's wing,

And flying through the realms of space
Bring bliss to men of every race?
Within my breast there is a fire,
Which shall not with this form expire :
A feeling words can ne'er express,
The greatest blessing is to bless.
Oh, still from sorrow I can flee,
When man receives my fervent prayer ;
For heaven would not be heaven to me,
If I alone were there.

XXXIII.

Strangers, but brothers, we have met,
And we may never meet again,
Yet let us not this day forget,
Let not my tale be told in vain.
Ye go to curb the pride of France,
There may your honoured flags advance ;
I go to war of different kind,
To curb the passions of the mind.

Famine, the sword, the fire, or stake,
May kill me, long ere ye return ;
But if ye view once more this lake,
Then from your bosoms do not spurn
The thoughts of one whose blood should flow
Gladly to ease another's woe.

CONCLUSION.

I.

Year hastened after year away,
The barons sought the warlike fray:
And there, if memory once awoke,
Of the meek Outcast they had seen,
The clash of arms and warriors took
Away the thoughts that such had been.
The elder warrior fell in fight,
Heading his followers like a knight;
The younger, after years had past,
Resought his native land at last.

And there, as near the lake he came
Thoughts of the Outcast flushed like flame
Upon him :—" How could I forget
That wanderer,—is he living yet?"

II.

Fired with the hope, he turned his horse
To where most people had recourse,
Then stopped, he knew not why, to see
A mixed and numerous company,
Who chatted as they paced the road,
Of one whose blood had newly flowed.
He asked a peasant who was this,
And what he had performed amiss ;
And the feared tidings quickly learnt—
The wicked heretic was burnt.

III.

" And please you," said the simple swain,
Our father Jerome, holy man,

Said he would go to endless pain ;
For when the raging flames began,
Near him he saw a large-sized fly,
Waiting until the wretch should die ;
And that was Beelzebub he knew,
Who with his soul to torment flew.
Ah, in the church will I believe,
Lest such should be my wretched lot,
No fiend shall then my soul receive,
Whether he seems a fly or not."

IV.

"Then has he perished ? tell me where,
And prate not of your lying monk,
If he were safe, I would not care
Though thousands such as Jerome sunk."
"Beside the blasted ash he fell,
Upon the moor."—"I know it well."
And heedless what the crowd might say,
The hasty baron rode away.

V.

He reached the spot in evening dim,
Though fair its ray, 'twas dark to him
The sullen breezes sadly crept,
And the damp dew in masses swept ;
The shadows deepened on the ground,
And birds of darkness flew around.
The soil which drank the martyr's blood,
Scarce yielded witness where he stood ;
The men were gone that saw his death,
The winds were hushed that bore his breath,
And nothing but an ashy crust
Still marked the fatal sod ;
His corpse was with its kindred dust,
His spirit with his God.

NOTES.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

Page 8, line 9.

*Wealth is the object they desire,
And to obtain it they have broken,
They say through purgatory's fire.*

The following anecdote appeared in the Philanthropic Gazette, on the 27th of October, 1819.

“A gentleman in Dublin lately called on a tenant for rent; the poor woman had always been punctual heretofore; she apologized for not being so now, by telling her landlord that the priest came to her lately, and asked her, if she had heard from her husband? She answered, how could she, as he was dead?” ‘O yes;’ said he, ‘but did you not hear that a great crowd was lately passing over the bridge from purgatory to heaven; that it broke down from the weight—that many were left on the wrong side, and amongst the rest your husband—that their lamentations had come to the priests to get the bridge repaired;’ therefore he called upon her, who was so much interested, for a good subscription, as the job would be

very expensive! The poor woman complied, of course. In a few days after the gentleman brought this nefarious traffic to exposure; the priest declared "he only wanted the use of the money for a few days, and played this trick to obtain it, but that he meant to return it." If such things are done *now*, what must have been the case in the fifteenth century?

C A N T O I.

Page 26, line 7.

With regard to the Friar's Song, I am not aware who is the author of it.

Page 28, line 16.

Their lust and avarice Chaucer blames.

See the "Shepmanne's Tale," the "Chanones Yemannes' Tale," and the "Reve's Tale," by Chaucer. That his satire was not uncalled for appears from the statement of Wood, who relates that Chaucer never repented of his reflections on the clergy, "yet, of that he wrote of love and bawdery, it grieved him much on his death-bed." Besides Chaucer, Robert Longlaude, author of the "Vision of Pierce Plowman," and the writer of "Pierce the Plowman's Crede," have exposed the flagitious conduct of the clergy in those days.

Page 34, line 9.

I have taken the account of the Battle of Crecy from Hume with as little variation as possible.

Page 45, line 16.

*This day's sport will give to view,
Who enjoys the sunny smile
Of the loveliest in our isle.*

“About the year 1349 there was a singular instance of the prevalence of chivalry and gallantry in the nations of Europe. A solemn duel of thirty knights against thirty was fought between Bembrough, an Englishman, and Beaumanoir, a Breton, of the party of Charles of Blois. The knights of the two nations came into the field; and before the combat began, Beaumanoir called out, that it would be seen that day *who had the fairest mistresses*. After a bloody combat the Bretons prevailed; and gained for their prize full liberty to boast of their mistresses' beauty.—*Hume*, ed. M.DCCCII vol. ii. p. 510.

C A N T O III.

Page 97, line 7.

Prepare to fight the Black Eagle's might.

The sails were often splendidly adorned with armorial bearings, whence the name of the ship was taken.

Page 9, line 3.

What mean these flying balls that hiss ? &c.

There is conclusive authority for stating that cannon were employed for the purpose of naval warfare so early as the thirteenth century, in a sea engagement between the king of Tunis and the Moorish king of Seville. They were also used by the Venetians at sea about the year 1380 ; and Froissart speaks of cannon having been used in the Flemish fleet which was taken off Cadsand in 1387 by the English, under the command of the Earl of Arundel. Still, however, the use of them was so rare as to allow of the supposition that I have adopted. The guns were not then, as now, pointed through embrasures or port-holes, but were mounted so as to fire from the top-side, or gunwale, of the vessel ; and the round top, where the pilots were stationed, was placed near the summit of the mainmast.

Page 97, line 8.

I see the Valkyriur appear.

“ The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin, and their name signifies *choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands ; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave, where they attended the banquet,

and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.”
—Gray, Ox. Ed. 1825, vol. i. p. 79.

Page 97, line 14.

*Tended by maidens ever blooming,
With radiant locks and starry eyes.*

“ In that state of festivity the departed warriors were supposed to be served at table by beautiful virgins, called Valker, who ministered to other pleasures besides those of the feast.”
—*Edda Mythol.* xxxi.

It is curious to observe what similar notions of paradise the Scandinavians and Mahometans entertained.

Page 103.

THE CHILD'S TALE.

I have supposed this child and his parents to have been converted by some of the barbes, or pastors, of the Waldensian church. Speaking of them in his history of the Waldenses, p. 60, Dr. Beattie says, “ The countries to which these pious labourers in the vineyard directed a more particular attention were Bohemia, the states of Germany, and *England*, in all of which the purity of their faith and practice brought many proselytes. They paved the way for Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and many others, who eagerly embraced their evangelical tenets, and sealed the testimony with their blood.”

C A N T O IV.

Page 128, line 16.

And then the eastern realm will fall.

Constantinople was taken by the Turks in the year 1453.

Page 129, line 5.

Undreamt of lands shall meet his view.

Columbus discovered Hispaniola in the year 1492.

Page 131, line 8.

From out this very reformation,

Good men of various countries cause, &c.

In the year 1520, Zuingle spread the Reformation in Switzerland. Protestantism was established in Sweden, A.D. 1540. The Church of England was established A.D. 1547; and Protestantism was finally established in Germany A.D. 1552.

Page 131, line 12.

Other reformers will appear

With less of prudence, more of zeal.

The disorders of the Anabaptists here more especially alluded to, occurred A.D. 1533.

Page 133, line 6.

First Bigotry shall show her power.

The religious history of the times beneath my notice may, perhaps, speaking generally, be classed under three heads—Bigotry, Fanaticism, and Infidelity. Among the principal events of the reign of Bigotry may be reckoned the following.

The furious persecution which took place at the restoration of the Romish religion in England, A.D. 1555.

The massacre of Paris, A.D. 1572.

Despotism and cruelty of Philip II., A.D. 1570, and afterwards.

Distress of the French Protestants owing to the Roman Catholic league, A.D. 1588.

Page 133, line 12.

*Then civil war shall rage, concealed
By varnish of religious zeal.*

Under this head may be contained the rise of Puritans in England, A.D. 1604.

The covenant against the Liturgy, A.D. 1638.

Oppression of the Presbyterians, A.D. 1662.

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, A.D. 1685.

Page 136, line 16.

*Men shall put abroad the cup
Of infidelity.*

The dissemination of infidel opinions by Voltaire, d'Alembert, and others, in and after the year 1750, is here referred to.

Page 137, line 8.

*Philanthropy shall drench the hall
Deep in the owner's blood.*

It is a well-known fact, that during the wildest part of the French revolution, philanthropic sentiments met with applause on the stage; and some of the chief actors in the scenes of blood were distinguished by even a morbid sensibility towards the brute creation.

I quote from Scott's "Napoleon," vol. ii. p. 195.

"This doom of proscription was passed on the motion of Couthon, a decrepid being, whose lower extremities were paralysed—whose benevolence of feeling seemed to pour itself out in the most gentle expressions, uttered in the most melodious tones—whose sensibility led him constantly to foster a favourite spaniel in his bosom, that he might have something on which to bestow kindness and caresses, but who was at heart as fierce as Danton, and as pitiless as Robespierre."

Well, then, may the talented authoress of the "Pilgrim's

Good Intent" place the following sentiments in the mouth of infidel philanthropy: "How difficult soever it might be to judge what the interest and inclinations of men yet unborn might lead them to desire or to shun, she contended that the sacrifice of myriads of the present race, and even the universal temporary substitution of misery for happiness, were eligible means, if through them the most remote possibility of any future contingent good might be attained."

Page 137, line 16.

And who will go forth to give Anarchy birth?

I have ventured to apply to the apostles of infidelity that sublime passage in 1 Kings xxii. 20—22.

"And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner.

"And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him.

"And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so."

Page 139, line 15.

*For freedom shall be writ in gore,
Her trophies must be captive lands.*

I need hardly refer to the practices of the French during the revolution—those practices which led Madame Roland to exclaim, when she was passing the statue of Liberty on her way to the guillotine, “O Liberty, what atrocities are committed in thy name!”

C A N T O V.

Page 154, line 13.

Thrust out his spear of sturdy frame, &c.

This mode of attacking the bear is practised in Finland. A transverse bar about a foot from the head of the spear prevents the bear from falling upon his assailant.

Page 165, line 1.

Hath he not slain his countryman?

It may be thought that the surprise and indignation of the savages is overdrawn. I find the following passage in the “Dialogues of the Dead.”

“ *Savage.* Mercury, I won’t go in the boat with that fellow, he has murdered his countryman—he has murdered his friend ; I say I will not go in a boat with that fellow.”

Again, afterwards, he says, “ I never killed my own countrymen, I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; for if he does, I will burn it in the fire I see yonder.”

Page 168, line 16.

Bear him to the priestess’ cave.

I have taken the description of the dress of this priestess from that of Thorbiorga, one of the Spakonæ, who professed to know magic arts and divination, and who were accustomed to perambulate the country, being everywhere treated with respect. The accoutrements which I have omitted to describe were as follows :—“ Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards.”—*Eirik’s Rauda Sogu ap. Barthol. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.*

C A N T O VI.

Page 97, line 18.

Upon this rock my church is laid.

The well-known verses on which the Romish church founds its claims occur in St. Matt. xvi. 17—19.

Page 198, line 11.

*Worship but God, the Scriptures write ;
Worship the saints, your fathers preach.*

It is neither my desire, nor my intention, to enter here into an exposure of *all* the instances in which the Church of Rome acts *without*, or *against*, the authority of the word of God, as that of itself would require a volume ; I shall only give some of the most striking ones.

“ There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”—*Acts* iv. 12.

“ Grant, we beseech thee, O Almighty God, that thy faithful, who rejoice under the name and *protection* of the most blessed Virgin Mary, may, by her pious *intercession*, be delivered from all evils here on earth, and be brought to the eternal joys of heaven.”—*Collect for the Nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary. Romish Missal*, p. 656.

“ O God, who to recommend to us innocence of life, wast pleased to let the soul of thy blessed Virgin Scholastica ascend to heaven in the shape of a dove: grant by her *merits* and *prayers* that we may lead innocent lives here, and ascend to eternal joys hereafter.”—*Collect for St. Scholastica. Romish Missal*, p 557.

In St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, iii. 2, is the following passage:—"A bishop, then, must be blameless, the *husband of one wife*." "But no," says Costerus, *Enchirid. de Cœlibat. Sacerdot.* "gravius peccatum si nubat, quam si domi concubinam alat." "No," says Bellarmine, *lib. de Monach.* cap. 38, "Melius est scortari et uri, quam de voto cœlibatus ad nuptias transire."

Page 206, line 1.

To search the Scriptures.

The men of Beræa are commended for searching the Scriptures, in Acts xvii. 11.

Page 206, line 5.

*Cursed are they
Who add one word, or take away
From what is written in his book.*

See Deut. iv. 2; v. 32; and Revelations xxii. 18, 19.

CONCLUSION.

Page 214, line 16.

Our father Jerome, holy man, &c.

I believe this remark to have been actually made, but not being able to quote my authority, I subjoin the following anecdote, to show it was not of an uncommon character. At the burning of Anne Askew, A.D. 1546, Laud relates, " And before God, at the first putting to of the fire, there fell a little dew, or a few pleasant drops, upon us that stood by, a pleasing noise from heaven ; God knows whether I may truly term it a thunder-crack as the people did in the gospel, John xii. 29, or an angel, or rather God's own voice."

Bale relates the same circumstance from the narrative of some Dutch merchants then present. It caused considerable discussion at the time, and the Papists urged that it was a testimony of the martyr's damnation !—*British Reformers.*

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